



INDIANS

*of the*

CHICAGO REGION



LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

IN MEMORY OF  
STEWART S. HOWE  
JOURNALISM CLASS OF 1928

STEWART S. HOWE FOUNDATION

970.4  
W73i  
1946  
cop.2


I.H.S.











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



THE ALARM

INDIANS  
*of the*  
CHICAGO REGION



CHARLES S. WINSLOW  
*Editor*

Copyright 1946  
by CHARLES S. WINSLOW

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Publisher  
CHARLES S. WINSLOW  
1344 N. Dearborn Parkway  
Chicago 10, Illinois

---

Printed by  
SODERLUND PRINTING SERVICE  
216 Institute Place  
Chicago 10, Illinois  
Superior 3384

99014

W 532

1844

Copy 2

4th Dist. Library

## FOREWORD

It is the wish to present here, especially to young people, a picture of the Indians who lived in the Chicago region in the years gone by. The red man himself left no printed history. His presence here already seems only a tradition. Yet he made an impression upon early Chicago that must not be forgotten. It is hoped that *Indians of the Chicago Region*, gathered from various sources, will help to revive the memory of the almost forgotten red man.

The illustrations are reproduced through the courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, the Keystone View Company and Rand McNally and Company.

*Charles S. Winslow.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGES
Origin of the Indians . . . . .	1- 3
Creation of Man . . . . .	4- 8
Indian History . . . . .	9- 14
Early French . . . . .	15- 46
Starved Rock . . . . .	47- 53
Northwest Territory . . . . .	54- 64
Fort Dearborn . . . . .	65- 89
Customs . . . . .	90-109
Treaties . . . . .	110-116
Trails . . . . .	117-124
Tale of the Red Fox . . . . .	125-131
Chikagou and Tonika . . . . .	132-142
Indian Chiefs . . . . .	143-165
Shabbona	
Sauganash	
Chechepinqua	
Leopold Pokagon	
Simon Pokagon	
Recent Events . . . . .	166-170
Indian Council Fire . . . . .	171-173
Reminders . . . . .	174-179
Red Man's Greeting . . . . .	180-195





## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Alarm . . . . .	Frontispiece
La Salle . . . . .	18
Joliet . . . . .	23
Father Marquette . . . . .	26
Piasa Bird . . . . .	28
Discoverers . . . . .	30
Marquette Crosses Portage . . . . .	32
Tonty . . . . .	34
Starved Rock . . . . .	48
George Rogers Clark . . . . .	58
Treaty of Greenville . . . . .	64
Fort Dearborn . . . . .	66
Pioneers . . . . .	69
Kinzie Mansion . . . . .	72
Lee Farm . . . . .	75
Black Partridge Medal . . . . .	80
Defense . . . . .	82
Massacre Monument . . . . .	84
Travois . . . . .	92
Papoose Board . . . . .	94
Medicine Bag (Bear's Paw) . . . . .	95
Striking the Post . . . . .	97
Rub Stone, War Club, Stone Ax, Pestle . . . . .	98
La Crosse . . . . .	101
Buffalo Hunt . . . . .	102
Scraping Hide . . . . .	103
The Council . . . . .	105
Medicine Man . . . . .	106
Trail Marker . . . . .	121
Chikagou . . . . .	136
Shabbona . . . . .	144

Shabbona's Escape from Big Foot .....	147
Black Hawk .....	150
Sauganash Hotel .....	156
Treaty Elm — Indian Boundary Road .....	158
Grave of Checchepinqua .....	160
Wigwam in Lincoln Park .....	168
Block House in Lincoln Park .....	169
Evanston Hospital Marker .....	177
Mounted Indian — Grant Park .....	179
Signal of Peace .....	195

## ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS

The following legend was apparently first given to the general public by Henry R. Schoolcraft in 1884 in the book entitled "Indian Tribes of the United States."

According to the belief of the Potawatomi there were two great spirits that governed the world. One was Kitch-e-mo-ne-do, the Great Spirit; the other was Match-e-mo-ne-do, the Evil Spirit.

When Kitchemonedo first made the world he filled it with a class of beings who looked like men, but who were ungrateful, wicked dogs, never raising their eyes from the ground to thank him for anything. Seeing this, the Great Spirit plunged them, with the world itself, into a great lake, and drowned them. He then withdrew the world from the water and made a very handsome young man. But this young man was lonesome and sad, so Kitchemonedo took pity on him and sent him a sister to cheer him in his loneliness.

After some years the young man had a dream. The next morning he said to his sister: "Five young men will come to your lodge door this night to visit you. The Great Spirit forbids you to answer or even look up or smile at the first four, but when the fifth comes you may speak and laugh and show that you are pleased."

The first of the five strangers to call that night was U-sa-ma, or tobacco, but when she paid no attention to him he fell down and died. The second, Wa-pa-ko, or pumpkin, shared the same fate, and so did the third, Esh-kos-si-min, or melon, and the fourth, Ko-kees, or bean. But when Mon-ta-min, which is maize, presented himself, she opened the door of her lodge, laughed heartily, and gave him a friendly reception.

They were married immediately, and their children became the Indians. Montamin buried his four unsuccessful rivals, and from their graves grew tobacco, pumpkins,

melons of all sorts, and beans. In this manner the Great Spirit provided that the race which he had created should have something to offer him as a gift in their feasts and ceremonies and should also have something to put into their kettles along with their meat.

POTAWATOMI LEGEND OF THE CREATION  
OF MAN

By *Chief Pokagon*

There is an old tradition among our people dimly seen through the mists of time that after Ki-ji Man-i-to (The Great Spirit) had created the fish of the waters, and the fowls of the air and the beasts of the land, His work still failed to satisfy him. Hence he called a great council of the spirits that ruled over land and seas, His agents, and revealed unto them how it was the great desire of His heart to create a new being that would stand erect, and possess the combined intelligence of all the living creatures He had made.

Most of those spirits whom He had permitted to hold dominion over the earth, when met in the grand council, encouraged His Divine plans, but the spiritual chiefs, when they considered the great power the proposed being might wield, quietly withdrew themselves from the council, and held a private powwow of their own to defeat, if possible, the plans of the Almighty. The loyal Monitog who remained at the grand council stood aghast as Ki-ji Man-i-to revealed unto them His Divine plan, explaining the great possibilities that awaited the new creature He had conceived in His heart to create.

The Divine council was prolonged by debate from the set of sun until morning dawn. The sun arose in greater brilliancy than ever before. The spirits anxiously began to inquire of His Majesty, "How many suns and moons must pass before you can accomplish this wonderful work?" While yet the inquiry hung on their lips, He said unto them: "Follow me." He led them into a great wilderness to a beautiful inland lake. And as he stood upon the shores thereof in the presence of them all His eyes flashed lightning. The lake became boiling water! The earth trembled! He then spake in a voice of thunder: "Come Forth Ye Lords of the World!" The ground opened! And from out of the red clay that lined the lake came forth man and

woman like flying fish from out the water! In presence of the new born pair all was still as death! A dark cloud hung over the lake! It began to boil again! The awful silence was then broken! The earth shook! And Ki-ji Man-i-to said: "Come forth ye servants of man!" Forth leaped at once from out the lake a pair of snow white dogs and lay down where stood the new made pair, kissing their feet and hands.

The bride and groom, with their rich color, grace, and erect forms, outrivalled in beauty all other creatures He had made. They looked all about them in wonder and surprise. Surveyed all living creatures that moved in sight. Gazed upon the towering trees. The grass. The flowers. The lake. The sunshine and the shade.

Now when the spiritual chiefs first learned that Ki-ji Man-i-to had finished His crowning works, as He had proposed to do, they sought diligently for the new made pair until they found them. And as they surveyed the beauty of their erect forms, and the surpassing loveliness of body and limb, their wonder and admiration was unbounded. But when they saw the soul of the Divine shining in their faces, like the noonday sun, their hearts were stung through and through by the cruel wasps of envy and jealousy. Hence they resolved in their hearts that instead of trying to live in peace with them, as they had done with the first creatures, they would do all they could to make them discontented, unhappy and miserable.

As time rolled on, our first parents, and generations after them, began to realize there were bad spirits and good spirits that exercised dominion over mountains, lakes, streams and plains, and that they were in a measure controlled by them. They also began to learn that man possessed the nature and the intelligence of all the animal



creation; and that he was endowed with a spiritual nature which was given him by the Creator of all things in heaven and on earth. Hence, when they were unfortunate in securing game, or unsuccessful in battle, it was all attributed to the bad spirits that held dominion over the country wherein they dwelt.

And when game was plenty, and they were successful in battle, this they attributed to the good spirits that controlled the land in which they lived. Sometimes in order to appease bad spirits, they made offerings of fruits and grains. But they sacrificed animals only to Ki-ji Man-i-to, whom alone they recognized as the great Creator and Ruler of things in heaven and on earth.

Our fathers and mothers in their primeval state did not name their children as do the civilized races, simply that they might be known and designated by them. But when their children were born, whatever animal or bird they imagined they most resembled they were called by that name; and, strange as it may appear to the white race, in after generations those bearing the name of some animal believed, at least they claimed, to have descended from the animal whose name they bore. It might be the bear, or the fox, or the eagle. The same rule followed in each individual case. And so it was in succeeding generations, each tribe or clan adopted as their "totum" the animal or thing whose name the patriarch of the tribe was called when a child.

Sometimes, when at war, the animal was taken with them alive, but generally it was painted on a tanned hide and used as white men use their flags.

It was an emblem of royalty as well as a symbol of loyalty, and when engaged in battle a warrior would rather die than surrender his totum .

It matters not how foolish our legends may appear to those races who call themselves civilized. Still they were as sacred to us as holy writ to them.

## INDIAN HISTORY

When Louis Joliet and Father Marquette came to this Chicago region in 1673, they found Indians whose contacts with white men had been very few, and then only as they had met these white men in the trading centers of Detroit, Green Bay and Mackinac. The Indians claimed all this territory, not as individuals, but as tribes, a gift, as they said, from the Great Spirit to their forefathers. They roamed freely over the country, sometimes peacefully, sometimes on the war path against other tribes. They depended chiefly upon hunting and fishing for food and clothing. They had many excellent traits and customs peculiar to themselves. As they left no written records of their deeds, their history is incomplete and already their presence here seems almost a myth.

### *Illinois*

The Illinois Indians were the first to occupy the Chicago region as far back as history records. Lake Michigan, in fact, was first called the Lake of the Illinois, and its later name of Michigan came from the Metch-i-ga-mi (Michigan) tribe of the Illinois. The name "Illinois" means "real men." Illinois Indians often visited the northern end of Lake Michigan. Father Marquette, as he met them there, was very favorably impressed by their appearance and by their attitude. He said they had shapely bodies and were skillful with bows and arrows. These were the Indians who guided Louis Joliet and Father Marquette through the Chicago Portage to Lake Michigan on their return from exploring the Mississippi river.

Several of the Illinois chiefs at different times bore the name of Chikagou. In 1725 one young chief by that name spent nearly a year in France as a guest of the Jesuit priests. Some historians claim Chicago was named in honor of one of these chiefs.

*Miami*

The Illinois were driven from the Chicago region probably by the Iroquois. In 1671 the Illinois were living on the other side of the Mississippi river. Their place in the Chicago region was taken by the Miami, an Algonkian tribe. These Miami were the leaders in the warfare against the westward movement of the Americans during the years from 1790 to 1794. Their leader in this warfare was Little Turtle, one of the most famous chiefs of those days. It was William Wells, adopted son of Little Turtle who tried in vain to save the soldiers of Fort Dearborn at the time of the Massacre of 1812. The Miami were crowded southward by the Potawatomi about 1680, as they too began moving southward from Green Bay.

*Potawatomi*

The Potawatomi were the most powerful tribe around the head of Lake Michigan from near the close of the seventeenth century until they crossed the Mississippi in 1835, never to return in numbers. The name "Potawatomi" means, "We are making a fire." According to their traditions a Miami Indian once met three strange Indians near his tepee, or wigwam. He couldn't understand their language, but by means of signs invited them to follow him. He led them to his tepee, where they were safe from the rain and the cold. During the night, while he slept, two of the guests stole out and built a fire in front of the tepee. When the Miami brave saw this fire in the morning, he understood it to be an invitation for the two nations to be present at a council fire. The Miami called these visiting Indians "Wa-ho-na-ha," which in the language of other Indians was "Potawatomi."

In 1769 the Potawatomi joined with other nations in their warfare against the Illinois in order to avenge the death of Pontiac, who had been treacherously slain by an Illinois Indian. This campaign almost destroyed the Illinois by starvation at the Rock that thereafter became known as Starved Rock.

Later the Potawatomi joined the Miami and others under the leadership of Little Turtle in their resistance to Generals Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne in the Ohio region in the years of 1790, 1791 and 1794. After General Anthony Wayne defeated them very decisively at the Battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, the Potawatomi took part in the signing of the Treaty of Greenville in 1795. In this treaty, along with other cessions, they ceded to the government a plot of ground six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago river.

When Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet, about 1810, tried to arouse the various tribes against the encroachments of the Americans, the Potawatomi joined him. Two of their prominent chiefs, Sauganash and Shabbona, went as his messengers to arouse the tribes. When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States in 1812 the Potawatomi joined the British. They were the ones who massacred the garrison at Fort Dearborn on the fifteenth of August 1812 although they had promised a safe escort to Fort Wayne. Some of them were fighting side by side with Tecumseh in the British army when he was slain by a bullet in the Battle of the Thames, in 1813. After that the Potawatomi withdrew from the war. When the treaty of peace was signed in 1814, they renewed their friendship with the Americans.

In 1816, at St. Louis, the Indians ceded a long strip of land southwestward from Lake Michigan to the Illinois and Fox rivers, twenty miles in width. The purpose was to

provide for a canal between the lake and the Illinois river. In the Chicago treaty of 1821 the Potawatomi gave the Americans five million acres of land on the eastern side of Lake Michigan.

In 1827 the Winnebagos of Wisconsin went on the warpath and urged the Potawatomi to take up the tomahawk also. The little settlement at Fort Dearborn was in great dread at that time of another Indian attack, but the chiefs Sauganash, Shabbona and Che-che-pin-quah (Robinson) persuaded the warriors not to join the Winnebagos, and the settlement was safe. It was at this time that Shabbona and Sauganash made their trip to Big Foot's village on Lake Geneva to learn whether that band of Potawatomi intended to join the Winnebagos. This was the time, too, that Gurdon Hubbard made his famous trip to Danville, partly on horseback, partly on foot, to raise a company of militia to resist the threatened attack. In 1829, at Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin, the Potawatomi signed the treaty that ceded to the government the lake front from Kenilworth to the Indian Boundary Road.

Very soon after this, in 1832, Black Hawk was urging the Potawatomi to join him in his resistance to the white men in the region of the Rock river. The same three chiefs opposed his appeal who had prevented their warriors from joining the Winnebagos. It was on this occasion that the Winnebago Prophet used his famous simile, saying that if they would join Black Hawk their combined warriors would be as many as the trees of the forest. Shabbona in his reply said that the white men's warriors were as numerous as the leaves upon these same trees. The Potawatomi, save for a few of their young men, refrained from joining Black Hawk, and again the little settlement about Fort Dearborn was spared the horrors of an Indian attack.

In the fall of 1833 thousands of Indians gathered at Chicago at the request of Governor Lewis Cass to consider the cession of the last of their lands east of the Mississippi. Most of the Indians present were Potawatomi. The treaty was signed September 26, 1833. The Potawatomi in this treaty gave up all their claims to any territory east of the Mississippi and accepted a reservation, agreeing to leave within three years.

In the fall of 1835 the Indians gathered again at Chicago to the number of five thousand to receive their annuities and to get news from their commissioners who had been sent to report on the new reservation. Eight hundred of them took part in a last war dance. One of the spectators wrote: "Their weapons were brandished as if they would slay a thousand enemies at every blow, while the yells and screams they uttered were broken up and multiplied and rendered all the more hideous by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the palm of the hand. It seemed as if we had a picture of hell itself and a carnival of the damned spirits there confined."

In another year most of the Indians had gone to their reservation across the Mississippi, first in Missouri, but eventually in the Indian Territory. All the land east of the Mississippi was then in the hands of the white man to enjoy in peace.

It is only a little more than a century ago that the Indians paddled their canoes along the Chicago river and in the waters of the lake, only a little more than a century ago that they held their last war dance here. And yet local history has been very little affected by them.



## EARLY FRENCH

The first white men to discover the Chicago region were the French. While they left few permanent traces of their presence here, yet the story of their adventures is a stirring one, and they opened the way for permanent settlers of a later day. The story of the discovery of Chicago really starts in Canada with the adventures of Samuel de Champlain, as early as 1608.

### *Champlain*

Samuel de Champlain, the ruling spirit in French exploration in America, was appointed governor of New France (Canada) in 1608. He served in that position until his death in 1635. He was well acquainted with all the land about the lower lakes, Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron.

The Algonquin Indians lived in the valley of the St. Lawrence, while the Iroquois Indians occupied the land about Lake Champlain and along the Hudson. There was hostility between the two tribes. Champlain joined the Algonquins in their warfare against the Iroquois and thereby gained the lasting hatred of the Iroquois. This enmity prevented the French from exploring the country to the southward either by the way of New York or through the Ohio valley.

A report reached the ears of the governor that far to the northwest of Lake Huron were two lakes even greater than the lower lakes. One of these, rumor said, emptied through great rapids and a waterfall. Upon the shores of the other strange people from the land of the sea were said to dwell. Perhaps, he thought, these people were from the land of the Orient and could point out a waterway across the continent to the Western Sea (Pacific Ocean). Champlain determined to investigate these rumors.

*Nicollet*

Nicollet, a man of the governor's command who had lived among the Indians many years, was sent forth in 1635 with seven Huron Indians as his companions. They reached the Island of Mackinac. Nicollet was thus the first white man to look upon Lake Michigan. Half expecting that the strange Indians of whom he had heard might be Chinese or Japanese, Nicollet took with him a ceremonial robe of Chinese damask embroidered with birds and flowers. As he approached the town of the Winnebago Indians, near the head of Green Bay, he put on this robe and entered the village discharging his pistols.

The Indians welcomed him as a god of thunder and lightning and prepared a great feast in his honor, at which one hundred twenty beavers were devoured. Nicollet paddled down the Wisconsin river to the westward, then returned when he had come within three days of the sea, as he believed. The sea was evidently the Great River, to be known later as the Mississippi. After the death of Champlain, Courcelles, the new governor, carried on the same policy of exploration. Five men then became prominent in the explorations of the French—La Salle, Joliet, Marquette, Tonty and Hennepin.

*La Salle*

On the twenty-second of November, 1643, a babe was born in France who was to make a great name for himself in the Illinois country. It was Robert Cavelier. Both his father and his uncle were wealthy merchants. One of the estates owned by Robert's father was called La Salle, and so Robert himself has become better known in history by that name than by his own family name of Cavelier.



LA SALLE

As a boy he was very bright and was given a good education. He liked to study science and mathematics, such as arithmetic and geometry. As he grew older he entered a Jesuit monastery for more study and for training to become a priest. He even taught for a time, but he didn't like the dull life of the monastery, with the same things happening day after day. He was too active in body and in mind to be acting under the orders of some one else. He wanted to be free to come and go, to be a leader himself, so he left the monastery. While he was in the monastery, according to the laws of France he had lost the right to receive any property of his father, who had died not long before. This law was to keep the priests poor so that they would think only of religion and not of wealth or power.

Canada, or New France as it was known, was then the great land of adventure for the French. Accordingly in the spring of 1666 La Salle set sail for this new land to join his older brother, the Abbe Jean Cavelier, a Sulpician priest, in Montreal.

At this time Montreal was just a small village owned by the Sulpician priests. It was a place of danger, too, for the Iroquois Indians of the Hudson Valley could reach it easily and might attack it at any time. So these priests were very glad to give this young man of twenty-three years a large portion of land about eight miles farther up the river. In this way La Salle with his little colony could stand between them and danger; at least, he could warn them when the Indians were likely to attack them. Here La Salle built a little fort and sold land to those who wished to join him. This was also a central place from which to trade with the Indians for furs. After a time this place became known as La Chine in ridicule of La Salle's hope



to find a water route across the continent which would be a short cut to China.

One winter a band of Seneca Indians, one of the tribes of the Iroquois, camped near him. They told him of the Ohio river. They said this river flowed into the sea, but at such a distance that it would take eight or nine months to make the journey to its mouth. La Salle thought the sea into which it flowed was probably the "Vermilion Sea," our present Gulf of California. If so, this river would take one across the continent and open up a new way to China, that country rich in silks and spices.

### *Exploring the Ohio*

La Salle determined to find and follow this great stream. First he went to Quebec to get permission of Governor Courcelles and of the minister of finance, the Intendant Talon. They were both in favor of the idea and gave him the right to go ahead with his plans. In order to raise money he sold his property at La Chine. He bought four canoes and the supplies that he would need on the trip. He also hired fourteen men to go with him.

In his company was a party of priests who wished to teach their religion to the Indians. He set out on this journey to find the Ohio river on the sixth of July 1669.

La Salle had hoped to get guides among the Senecas on the south side of Lake Ontario, but he failed to do so. He then paddled westward along the south shore of the lake, past the mouth of the Niagara river, to the Indian village at the west end. Here he was presented with a captive Shawnee Indian, Nika, who became his faithful companion and hunter. La Salle also learned that two Frenchmen were stopping temporarily in a nearby village. One of these was Louis Joliet, a young man almost La Salle's own age. He had been exploring the Lake Superior

region in an unsuccessful attempt to find copper mines. He showed La Salle a map he had drawn of the Great Lakes region through which he had been. The priests with La Salle now wished to change their plans and to visit the Potawatomi Indians. Joliet had said that these Indians were greatly in need of religion, and the priests were more eager to save souls than they were to find the Ohio river.

After the priests had set out on their journey to the Potawatomi La Salle succeeded in getting a guide. He found a stream flowing southward into the Ohio river. These streams he followed as far down as the rapids at Louisville. Here his men deserted him, and he had to make his way back alone.

### *Fort Frontenac*

After La Salle had returned to Canada from his trip to the Ohio river he met the new governor, Frontenac, who had lately come from France. The Governor planned a trip, partly to make friends with the Indians and partly to get control of the fur trade. He sent La Salle ahead to invite the Indians to meet him at a certain place on the north shore of Lake Ontario. Then with four hundred men in one hundred twenty canoes and two flat boats he made his way up the rapids of the St. Lawrence river to Lake Ontario. It was a regular war party that thus paddled along the shore of the lake. Here the Indians had gathered to meet him. When Governor Frontenac received the Indians in council, he had them march between two lines of his soldiers. He wanted the Indians to realize that the French were able and ready to fight.

In his first talk to them he said: "Children! I am glad to see you here, where I have had a fire lighted for you to smoke by, and for me to talk to you. You have done well, my children, to obey the command of your Father. Take

courage! you will hear his word, which is full of peace and tenderness. For do not think that I have come for war. My mind is full of peace, and she walks by my side. Courage then, children, and take rest." The Indians liked the way he talked to them and became his friends. The Governor and La Salle both seemed to know just how to deal with the Indians to get their respect and friendship.

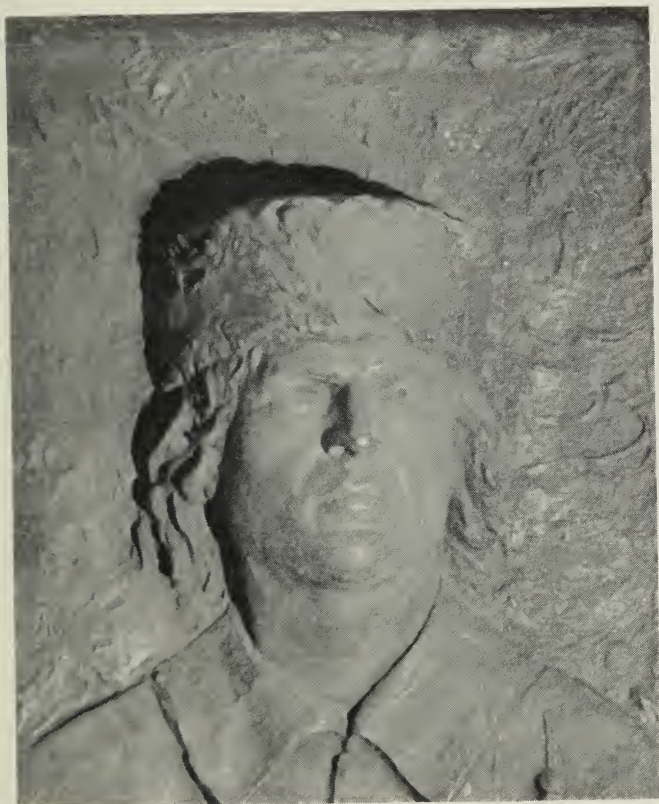
While these councils were being held the soldiers were building a fort of logs. This fort was to be a trading post where the Indians could bring their furs and trade them for cloth, for guns, and for other things they might want. A guard of soldiers was left in the fort when the Governor returned to Quebec.

The next year, 1674, La Salle went back to France. The king made him a noble and gave him the fort the Governor had built, with a great deal of land about it. La Salle promised to rebuild this fort with stone and always to keep a certain number of men in it. He named it Fort Frontenac in honor of Governor Frontenac. When he got back to Canada he took charge of the fort and built up a great fur trade there. During all this time the governor was a warm friend of La Salle.

### *Louis Joliet*

But while these things were happening to La Salle two other men, Joliet and Marquette, were searching for the Mississippi river. And they were successful in their search. Louis Joliet had been born in Quebec in 1645, son of a wagon maker. Educated by the Jesuit priests, he had studied for the priesthood and as a very young man had taken part in debates with the prominent men of the colony. But, like La Salle, he wanted to lead an active life. So he gave up the priesthood at an early age and became a fur trader. He was well educated, strong in body and full of





JOLIET

courage and energy. This man, two years younger than La Salle, Governor Frontenac sent to find the Great River of which the Indians had been talking.

### *Father Marquette*

When Joliet reached St. Ignace, on the strait between lakes Huron and Michigan, he found Father Marquette in a little Catholic church, or mission. He told the priest that the Governor had also chosen him to go on this search for the Great River. Marquette was very happy over this. He had been born in the northern part of France in 1637. At the age of seventeen he had joined the Jesuits because of his religious zeal. When about thirty years of age he was sent to Canada by the Jesuit order and two years later was assigned to mission work in the region of the upper lakes. Within a few years he had learned to speak easily in six different Indian languages. He was devoutly attached to the Virgin Mary.

The Indians who had come to his mission had told him much about a great river, but they didn't know into what body of water it flowed. Illinois Indians who had come to the mission had appealed to Marquette as superior to Indians of other tribes, and so for a long time he had wanted to visit them in their own villages and to convert them to the Christian religion. This was one of the reasons why he was glad to receive the governor's message through Joliet.

### *The Voyage*

These two men, Joliet and Marquette, spent the winter together, laying their plans, making a map from the information given them by the Indians, and collecting food to take with them. When the ice melted in the spring of 1673 they were ready. It was on the seventeenth of May,

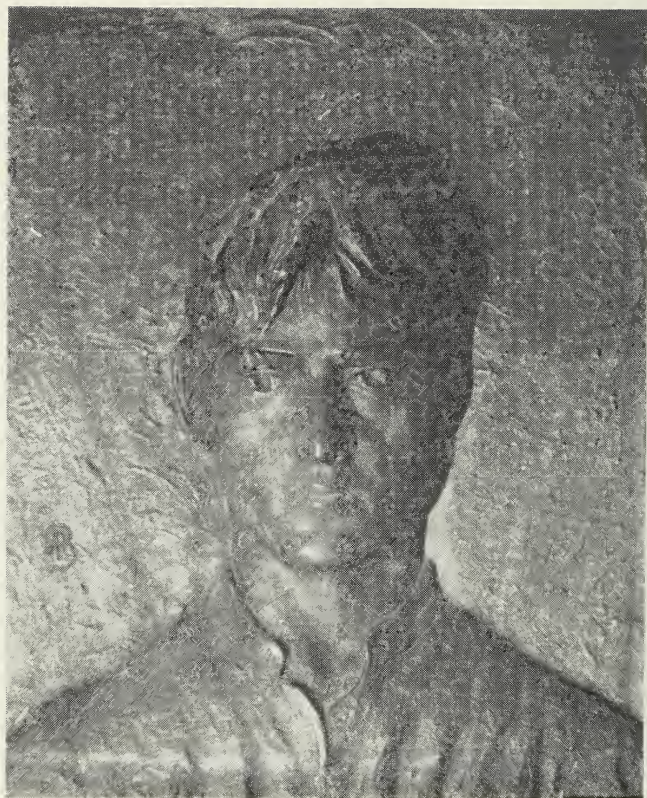
1673, they started on their journey, with five French comrades, and in two birchbark canoes. For food they carried smoked meat and corn.

They paddled westward along the north coast of Lake Michigan and through Green Bay. On their way they stopped to visit a tribe of Menominie, or Wild Rice, Indians. These friendly Indians tried to keep them from going any further. There were savage Indians on the banks of the Great River, they said, who would put them to death, also a demon with a terrible roar which would swallow them, and awful monsters in the waters that would eat them and their canoes. The heat, too, would be found so intense that they would surely die. But the Frenchmen couldn't be frightened. Marquette taught the Indians a prayer, and then they went on their way.

Up the Fox river they went, across the portage, or land where they had to carry their canoes and bundles, to the Wisconsin river. Finally, one month after they had started, they floated out onto the river they had come to find, the Mississippi, or "Conception" as Marquette called it in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Paddling down the river for about a week, they saw a path on the west bank. They could see tracks of moccasins so they decided to follow this path. About six miles back from the river they came to an Indian village. Here they were treated in a very friendly manner. Four of the chief men came out to meet them holding up two calumets, or peace pipes. The chief himself met them at the door of his wigwam and said: "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you; and you shall enter our wigwams in peace."

They were then given a great feast of four courses. The first was a bowl of Indian meal boiled with grease. One of the Indians fed the white men with a large spoon as



FATHER MARQUETTE



though they had been babies. Then there was a course of fish. The same Indian took out the bones with his fingers, blew on the fish to cool it, and then put it into the mouths of the two Frenchmen. The third course was a dog that had been killed and cooked for this feast. Dog was the favorite meat for the Indians, but the two explorers didn't like it. The last dish was fat buffalo meat. Before they left these Illinois Indians the chief gave Marquette a peacepipe to carry with him.

### *Piasa Bird*

Farther down the river, where Alton now is, they passed a great rock upon which had been carved and painted two figures of a horrible monster—the piasa bird. As Marquette described them, each was “as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of man, the body covered with scales; and the tail so long that it passes entirely round the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish.”

According to Indian mythology, this Piasa Bird for years had lived in a cave among the cliffs of Alton. This cave was strewn with the bones of the Illinois Indians upon whose flesh and blood it had feasted. Finally, an Illinois chief, after fasting, appealed to the Great Spirit for aid in destroying the monster. With poisoned arrows and an invisible shield provided by the Great Spirit the chief went out to the haunts of the Piasa Bird, accompanied by a few faithful braves. Soon the monster swooped down upon the chief, but was slain with the poisoned arrows before he could injure his attacker. Even during Marquette's time the Indians, in passing this rock, shot poisoned arrows at these figures or turned their faces away and hurried past.

When the travelers, Joliet and Marquette, had gone as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas river they saw an Indian village. The young warriors of the village paddled out to attack them, one throwing his war club over their heads and the others holding their bows ready to shoot their arrows at them. Then the older men of the village



PIASA BIRD

came out, saw the peace pipe Marquette was holding aloft, and compelled the young warriors to stop.

### *Turn Back*

The Frenchmen went only a few miles farther down the river, then stopped to discuss their plans. They had found the river they wished to find; they had followed it through most of its course, and they were sure that it

flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. If they went farther they were likely to be captured by the Spanish, who claimed the land around the Gulf, or they might be killed by the Indians. If such accidents should happen, then the benefits of their trip would be lost, so they decided to turn back and to report to the Governor of New France, or Canada, what they had discovered.

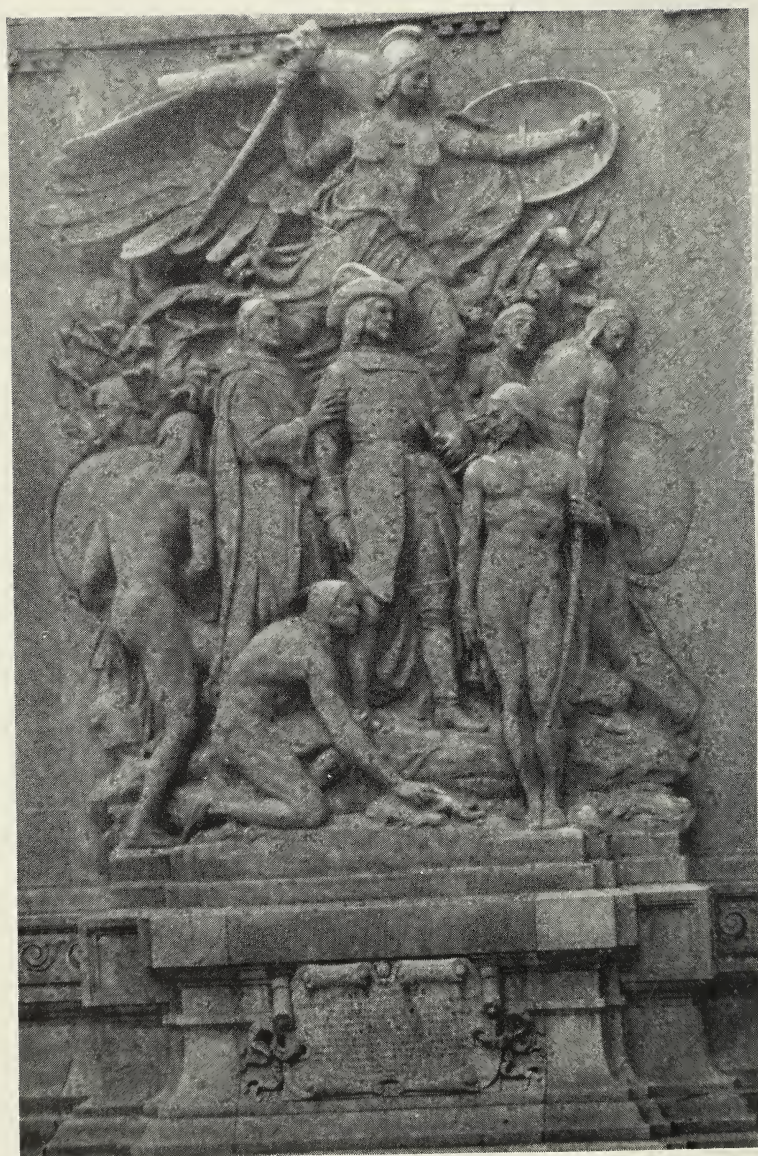
### *Chicago Portage*

On their return journey they turned up the Illinois river when they reached its mouth. Near the present Starved Rock they found a large village of Indians, called Kaskaskia. These Illinois Indians were so highly pleased with Father Marquette and with his teaching that they urged him to come back and establish a church among them. He promised to do so. One of the chiefs, with a band of young warriors, guided the travelers up the Illinois, up the Desplaines, and across the portage to the Chicago river. Joliet, Marquette and their five French companions were the first white men known to have visited the site of Chicago. This was during September 1673. Joliet was impressed with the possibilities of this passage across the Chicago portage and later reported that by cutting a canal only half a league, a mile and a half, in length one might pass from the Lake of the Illinois, Lake Michigan, to the St. Louis river, Illinois river.

### *Reach Home*

When the men reached Green Bay again, they had been gone more than four months and had paddled or sailed their canoes more than two thousand five hundred miles. Marquette was very sick as a result of the exposure he had suffered on their hard trip. The next spring Joliet returned to Montreal. Just as he was about to land his canoe was





DISCOVERERS



upset, two of his men were drowned and his papers and maps were lost. Joliet never returned to this Illinois country, but was prominent in French affairs in Canada. He explored Hudson's Bay and the coasts of Labrador, and Governor Frontenac in recognition of his work appointed him royal pilot for the St. Lawrence. He died about the year 1700.

*Chicago Again*

Father Marquette, however, with two French companions started back to the Indian village of Kaskaskia in the following October, 1674. They came along the west coast of the lake until they reached the mouth of the Chicago river. Here they stopped for a short time, then went a few miles up the South Branch. As Father Marquette was very sick they landed on the north bank of the South Branch, about where Damen avenue now is. Here the two men built a log cabin for the winter. The Indians brought in food. A French surgeon who was trading for furs about fifty miles farther south came to visit and to help him. Finally, about the end of March 1675, Marquette felt able to go on, and they reached the Indian village. There he told the savages "about God and the Virgin, about Paradise and Hell, about angels and demons."

*Marquette Dies*

A few days after Easter he left the Indian village, for he knew that he had only a few days more in which to live. He died on the way back to his old mission at St. Ignace, thanking God that he had been permitted to die in the wilderness, a missionary of the Faith and a member of the Jesuit brotherhood. He was buried where he died, near the present Ludington, Michigan. Two years later, however, a party of Indians dug up his bones and took them back



MARQUETTE CROSSES PORTAGE

to his old mission house, where they were buried beneath its floor.

### *La Salle at Fort Frontenac*

La Salle, as we have seen, was active during this time in Canada and became the commander and owner of Fort Frontenac. While he was at this fort one of his men tried to kill him by putting some poison in his salad. La Salle pardoned the man, but learned that he had done this awful deed at the urging of a married woman who had tried to make love to La Salle but with whom he would have nothing to do. La Salle was making money in his fur trading at the fort, but he wasn't satisfied. He had taken

over the fort and carried on the fur trade in the hope that he would later have a chance at greater things.

*Visits France*

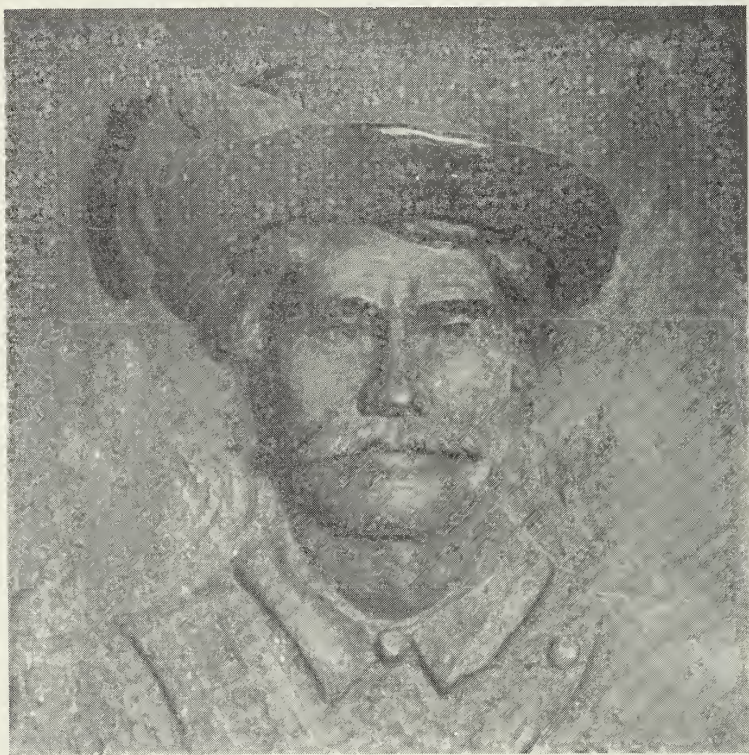
In the fall of 1677 he left the fort in charge of his lieutenant and sailed again for France. He asked King Louis for the right to build more forts and to form colonies in the land south of the Great Lakes. This he promised to do at his own expense, but he asked the right to govern whatever country he might discover and colonize. He spoke of this new country to the southward as being beautiful and fertile, free from forests, and with plenty of fish and game. Canada, on the other hand, was poor in soil, its forests were dense, its climate harsh, and snow covered the ground for half the year. The king gladly granted most of his request. La Salle didn't have enough money of his own for the undertaking so he borrowed large sums, offering to pay as much as 40 per cent a year interest.

*Tonty and Hennepin*

While in France La Salle was introduced to a young man by the name of Henry de Tonty. Tonty was an Italian and had lost his right hand in one of the wars of Sicily. In place of it he wore a metal hand, which was usually covered with a glove. Tonty wanted to come over to this new country with La Salle, and La Salle was glad to have him do so. In fact, Tonty became his best friend and his lieutenant.

When La Salle reached Quebec he found Father Louis Hennepin, who had come from Fort Frontenac to greet him. Father Hennepin was an odd character. As a young man he had become a priest, but he always liked to travel. He said of himself: "I hid myself behind tavern doors

while the sailors were telling of their voyages. The tobacco smoke made me sick at the stomach; but, notwithstanding, I listened attentively to all they said about their adventures



TONTY

at sea and their travels in distant countries. I could have passed whole days and nights in this way without eating.”

Hennepin had come to France in 1675 on the same ship with La Salle and had been sent to Fort Frontenac



as a missionary. When La Salle met him at Quebec in 1678 he gave the priest a letter from his superior granting him permission to go with La Salle on his great adventure.

### *La Salle Starts*

La Salle was now ready to start. He sent some of his men on across Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Niagara river. Here they made friends with the Indians and built a fort a few miles back from the shore of the lake. This was called Fort Niagara. It would help to prevent the Indians of the Great Lakes region from trading with the English and the Dutch farther east. Several men had been sent on to the northern end of Lake Michigan to gather furs for La Salle.

Under Tonty's direction the men then built a sailing vessel in the river above Niagara Falls. They called this the "Griffin," because a griffin was Governor Frontenac's emblem. La Salle tramped back to Fort Frontenac, two hundred fifty miles, to get more supplies, for one of his boats had been wrecked by a careless pilot, and he needed anchors and other things for the new boat. Finally, in August 1679, he returned, and then they set forth on the first sailing vessel that had ever been seen on Lake Erie.

Part of the voyage was very stormy, but they sailed on and on till they reached Point St. Ignace, the very place from which Joliet and Marquette had set forth little more than six years before. Here they found a Jesuit mission and a center for the Indian tribe. Some of the men whom La Salle had sent ahead to secure furs had run away with his goods. He sent Tonty in search of them. The furs that had been collected were then loaded on the boat, and the Griffin started back for Fort Niagara with orders to return to the southern end of Lake Michigan as soon as possible.

*Pass Site of Chicago*

La Salle himself, with fourteen men, set out in four canoes carrying a forge, tools, goods for trading with the Indians, and weapons. They paddled southward along the west shore of Lake Michigan, carrying their canoes up on shore each night. Several times they were almost starving. Once they found the body of a deer that had been killed by wolves, and they feasted on this after driving away the buzzards. They went on past the mouth of the Chicago river, the first time that La Salle had been here, on to the mouth of the St. Joseph river in Michigan. Here they built Fort Miami while waiting for Tonty and his party to come along the eastern shore.

The Griffin should have arrived, and they began to fear something had happened to her. Two men were sent back to St. Ignace to meet her if she should arrive there. The rest started up the St. Joseph to cross the portage to the Kankakee and to get down into the Illinois country. It was the beginning of winter, December third, and ice was already to be seen on the streams.

*Dangers*

Nika, the Indian hunter, was away from the party, looking for game, and without his sharp eyes they passed the beginning of the portage trail without seeing it. La Salle left the party to hunt the trail, but he became lost and didn't return till four o'clock the next afternoon. That night he had come across the camp of an Indian who had fled when he heard La Salle coming. La Salle calmly lay down to sleep on the other man's bed, shouting aloud that he was about to sleep there.

After Nika had found the portage trail they camped for the night. La Salle and Hennepin slept in a wigwam

covered with mats of woven reeds. The fire they had built set fire to the wigwam, and both sleepers barely escaped with their lives. The next day on the march the man walking behind La Salle raised his gun to shoot him in the back, but was stopped by one of his companions. These incidents show some of the dangers of this adventure, and there were still more in store for this daring man.

They had difficulty in finding game for food. When they reached the Indian village of Kaskaskia not an Indian could be found. The entire village was away at the winter hunt. They opened some pits in the ground and took some of the corn which the Indians had stored there. La Salle expected to pay for this corn when he should find the Indians.

On down the river they paddled in their eight canoes until they reached a point near the present city of Peoria. Here they saw wigwams on both sides of the river. La Salle had the canoes brought into line side by side. Then the men seized their weapons. The Indians were in a panic when they saw the Frenchmen. "Warriors whooped and howled; squaws and children screeched in chorus. Some snatched their bows and war clubs; some ran in terror."

La Salle and his band of Frenchmen landed and stood with their guns in hand, ready for war or for friendship. Soon the Indians made signs of friendship. Then the white men were seated and were fed with food. La Salle made the Indians a present of tobacco and hatchets and promised to pay for the corn he had taken from the pits in the Kaskaskia village. He told them he wished to build a fort for the protection of his men and also wished to build a great "wooden canoe," in which he might go to the sea for the goods they needed. The rest of the day was spent in feasts and dances.

The fort was built not far below the Indian village, on the bank of the river, and was called Fort Crevecouer. Then the boat was begun. Since many of the supplies needed for this new boat were to have been brought on the Griffin, and since no news had been received from her, La Salle planned to go back to Canada on foot to learn what had happened and to get the supplies he needed.

### *Hennepin to Upper Mississippi*

Before La Salle started he sent Father Hennepin and two companions in a canoe to explore the lower part of the Illinois river and then to ascend the Mississippi to its sources. Hennepin wasn't at all eager to go on this dangerous canoe voyage, but on the last day of February, 1680, he said goodbye to his friends and started on what proved to be a trip full of adventure and one that almost ended in his death.

### *Back to Canada*

The next morning La Salle started on his long journey of a thousand miles back to Canada. With him were four Frenchmen and his faithful Nika, the hunter. The river was frozen, but the snow on the ground was slushy, so the men often waded knee deep in the snow carrying their canoes and other burdens. When he reached his Fort Miami he learned that nothing had ever been heard of the Griffin, and to this day it isn't known whether it was destroyed by Indians, by the crew, or by a storm on the lake. His companions were exhausted when they reached Fort Niagara, so La Salle took three fresh men and went on to Fort Frontenac. He had traveled for sixty-five days, the hardest journey ever made by Frenchmen in America. La Salle seemed to have a frame of iron and a mind that would not admit defeat.



He went on to Montreal to get the supplies he needed, then returned to Fort Frontenac. Here he received a letter from Tonty saying that soon after he had left Fort Crevecoeur nearly all the men had deserted, had destroyed the fort and had thrown into the river what they couldn't carry away. Soon other messengers came to tell La Salle that the deserters had destroyed Fort Miami on the St. Joseph, had seized furs belonging to him at St. Ignace, had robbed Fort Niagara, and were headed in their canoes for Fort Frontenac to kill him.

With nine men La Salle went out to meet these twelve deserters who were planning to kill him. He surprised them and took ten of them prisoners. The other two were killed in the fight that took place. La Salle took his prisoners to Fort Frontenac and left them there for the governor to deal with.

### *Search for Tonty*

He was worried about Tonty, wondering whether he had been able to save the vessel they had started and the tools they needed. With twenty-five men he started again for the Illinois region, around the Great Lakes to Fort Miami. From here with six Frenchmen and an Indian he hurried on to the Kankakee river and the Illinois, to the village of Kaskaskia. Here he found everything deserted. Even the graves had been opened and the corpses hauled out. He could see that the Iroquois Indians had attacked and destroyed the Illinois but he could find no traces of Tonty and his party, so he went on to Fort Crevecoeur. Nobody was there, though the boat still remained as it had been, except that the iron nails and spikes had been pulled out by the Indians. On they went down to the mouth of the Illinois, where it empties into the Mississippi, and still no signs of Tonty. At this place he left a message painted on a

board in Indian signs, then he started back. This time he followed up the Desplaines river. Near the water's edge, after crossing the Chicago portage, he saw a rude cabin of bark. On examining this he found a board that had been cut by a saw. He was certain it had been done by white men and he felt sure the white men were Tonty's party on their way north to St. Ignace.

### *Discovers Mouth of Mississippi*

La Salle now went across country to Fort Miami. Here he spent the winter. During his stay at this fort he changed his plans somewhat. He saw that the Iroquois must be stopped from attacking the Indians of this region if his plan of settling the region should ever prove successful. So he made friends with different tribes near by and told them he would help to protect them from the Iroquois, but, he said, the tribes in this region must be friendly among themselves. He planned to build a fort on the rock, now Starved Rock, and make it a great trading center, with the Indians settling near by. To make this a success he saw he must find the mouth of the Mississippi so as to be able to ship his furs easily to Europe.

Towards the end of May, 1681, he set out in canoes for St. Ignace, where he met Tonty again. They then paddled their canoes over a thousand miles back to Fort Frontenac. That fall he started back to the Illinois country. At Fort Miami he chose eighteen Indians to go with his twenty-three Frenchmen. The Indians insisted on taking their ten squaws and their papooses, so the entire party now numbered fifty-four persons.

On the twenty-first of December, 1681, Tonty with some of the party set out from Fort Miami in six canoes for the little Chicago river. Here near the mouth of the river

La Salle and the rest of the party joined them in a few days. As the streams were covered with ice they made sleds, on which they dragged their canoes, their baggage and a Frenchman who had been hurt. Crossing the Chicago portage that Joliet and Marquette had followed eight years before, they continued to drag their sleds until they reached open water near Peoria. In their canoes they now paddled down the Illinois to the Mississippi, then followed this stream in its downward course.

They passed various tribes of Indians and were entertained royally by them. At one place they visited the village of the Natchez Indians, whose chief was the Brother of the Sun. Here they found a temple and a sacred fire, with the house made of sun-dried bricks.

On the sixth of April, 1682, the party reached the place where the river divided into three broad channels. LaSalle followed the one to the west, Dautray the one to the east and Tonty the one in the middle. After reaching the Gulf of Mexico they turned back, and on a spot of dry ground not far from the mouth of the river they put up a column with the arms of France, also a cross. Near by they buried a leaden plate. La Salle then laid claim to all the land drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries and named it Louisiana in honor of the king, Louis the Fourteenth. This was on the ninth of April, 1682.

On the homeward voyage, as they paddled up the Mississippi, La Salle became very sick. He sent Tonty on to St. Ignace so as to send word to Canada of the success of their voyage. He himself stayed at Fort Prudhomme. As he said in one of his letters, "On the way back I was attacked by a deadly disease, which left me in danger of my life for forty days and left me so weak that I could think of nothing for four months after."

*Fort St. Louis*

As soon as he was well enough La Salle came back into the country of the Illinois. On the top of the great rock near the Indian village of Kaskaskia he and Tonty built a fort. This was in December 1682. They cut away the trees on top of the rock, built a storehouse and homes, then built a fence of logs, or palisade, around the edge of the rock. La Salle called this place Fort St. Louis. It is now known as Starved Rock.

The Illinois Indians, as many as six thousand, came back to their village Kaskaskia. Other Indians made their villages near the foot of the rock. La Salle reported about twenty thousand Indians around his new fort. He planned to protect them against the Iroquois, and he also planned to trade furs he might get from them for goods from France. He hoped to build still another fort and to plant a new colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, so it would be possible to go to France and back again without going through Canada, which was frozen much of the year.

*Aid from the King*

La Salle had a good chance to work out his plans as long as Frontenac was governor of New France, but Frontenac was recalled by the king, and La Barre was sent out as the new governor. La Barre didn't like La Salle so ordered him to return to Canada, and he sent another man to take his place. La Salle, however, had already started back, planning to go to France for a talk with the king himself. Though he was more afraid of talking to the king on his throne than he was of facing savage Indians with their tomahawks and war clubs, yet he told the king all about this new country. He promised that if the king would provide a vessel with thirty guns and two hundred armed

men he would build a fort near the mouth of the Mississippi, or Colbert, as he called it, and would then drive the Spanish out of northern Mexico.

King Louis was greatly pleased with La Salle and his plans. He sent word to La Barre, governor of New France, to give back to La Salle's lieutenant everything he had taken from him. Then the king aided in getting four vessels. A hundred soldiers and a number of workmen joined the party, also men of a higher social class and a small group of young women.

### *Homeward Voyage*

Captain Beaujeu, in command of the little fleet, and La Salle had many quarrels on the trip because each thought he should be in command of the men while at sea. One of the four vessels was captured by pirates. When the other three vessels reached the island of St. Domingo La Salle and several others became very sick with a fever, and La Salle almost lost his mind.

Finally they sailed away into the Gulf of Mexico to find the mouth of the Mississippi. La Salle, however, hadn't been able to get the exact location of this place when he had gone down the river two years before, so they sailed too far westward and landed on the low wet shore of Texas. Two of his vessels anchored here and the other sailed back to France, leaving La Salle and his party.

And now began more hard times for this little party of Frenchmen. It was difficult to get good water for drinking. The Indians killed some of the men, and both of their vessels were wrecked, one in a storm and the other when trying to run into a shallow harbor. The loss of these ships meant also the loss of their clothes and of other goods on board. It was enough to make even the strongest men give

up, but La Salle kept his own courage and tried to cheer up the others.

They built a fort not far from the gulf coast, then with a few men La Salle started to locate the mouth of the Mississippi. He found that he had gone past the river he wanted, but he had no ships with which to hunt for it.

### *Death of La Salle*

The men in the searching party had no shoes so they made moccasins of buffalo hide, but these rude shoes had to be kept wet so that their feet might not be hurt by the rough hide. After a time they were able to get softer deer skin from some of the Indians. From this they made much more comfortable moccasins and so could travel better.

One day La Salle sent a few of his men in search for food. His own nephew was one of the men. There was a quarrel among some of these men and that night three of La Salle's most faithful men were killed in their sleep by the others. The next day La Salle grew very anxious over the absence of the party and started out himself to find the men. When the murderers saw him coming, all but one concealed themselves. This one answered La Salle in a saucy manner. When La Salle went toward him in an angry mood he was shot and killed by the men who had been in his own party. La Salle was only forty-two years old at the time of his death. He had done more than any other man to make this country another France. He had dreamed of a great future for this Mississippi valley. His plans had now failed because of savage white men in this new wild country.

The Abbe Cavelier (brother of La Salle) and Joutel were members of a small party that succeeded in getting through from the Gulf in spite of great difficulties. They stayed at Fort St. Louis for a time in Tonty's absence fear-



ful they would not be welcome if it were known that La Salle had been murdered. Then they pressed on through the Chicago portage in September, 1687, aiming at Mackinac in their return to Canada and to France. At the mouth of the Chicago river they waited eight days because of the stormy weather, then embarked. But they had to put ashore again. Their baggage and provisions they buried in a pit and returned to the fort.

Again on the twenty-first of March, 1688, this little party set forth from the Rock. Eight days later they reached Chicago and examined the pit where they had buried their possessions. The pit had been opened and furs and linen had been stolen. As on the previous trip, they were compelled to spend several days at Chicago because of the weather.

### *Wild Onions*

There was very little game to be found, so they lived chiefly on meal of ground corn, which they boiled in the sweet sap from maple trees, and which they found very agreeable. In the woods they also found garlic and small onions. They finally set out on the lake on the eighth of April and succeeded in reaching France.

La Salle had previously mentioned these fields of beautiful and odorous wild onions. He had used the name "Chikagou" without distinction for the two rivers, Desplaines and Chicago. During early days the South Branch and the main stream were more commonly called "Portage River."

### *Death of Tonty*

When Tonty, months later, heard of La Salle's death he took several of his men and tried to find the rest of La Salle's party. No signs of the party could be found.

For several years Tonty, the Iron-Handed, lived at Fort St. Louis and several times came to this Chicago region. He finally left Fort St. Louis in 1702 to join his cousin Iberville near the Gulf of Mexico, and here he died some years later.

### *Prophetic*

Joliet, Marquette, La Salle and Tonty were the earliest of white men to visit Chicago. They found nothing but the lake, swamps, rivers and an easy passage between the streams. But they believed it would be a great place some day. Joliet said a short canal could be dug to connect the Chicago and Desplaines rivers and so make this a great trade route. La Salle wrote of this place: "The boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man."

### *A Memorial*

John Wentworth, editor of the Democrat in the early days of the city, said in an address: "He (La Salle) went immediately into commerce with Hennepin as chaplain and Tonty as chief superintendent. Thus, whilst Marquette was our first clergyman, La Salle was our first member of the Board of Trade. Hence, it is very proper that the street upon which our Board of Trade stands should be named for him.



STARVED ROCK



STARVED ROCK

Starved Rock is a spot rich in historic association and in Indian legend. Joliet the explorer and Marquette the missionary priest passed the Rock as they returned from their exploration of the Mississippi. Father Marquette came back to found a Mission at the large village, Kaskaskia, of the Illinois Indians, only a mile west of the Rock. On the top of the Rock La Salle and Tonty built Fort St. Louis, one of their chain of forts from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, by means of which they hoped to assure to their king a new and rich New France, protected from the English settlements along the Atlantic coast. Here they assembled various tribes of the Algonquin Indians, forming an alliance against the hostile Iroquois of the east. And here, after the days of La Salle, one of the tribes of the Illinois made its last stand against the dusky enemies swarming around its base and left as their heritage the present name for the place—Starved Rock.

A few years after the death of La Salle the Illinois Indians left the Rock to go to the new Kaskaskia, where the Kaskaskia river joins the Mississippi.

### *Pontiac*

The French and the English fought with arms for the possession of the region south of the Great Lakes. The English were victorious and sealed their victory in the Treaty of 1763. But Pontiac, who had fought on the side of the French, would not accept this decision and plotted to unite all the Indian tribes against the English. His plans were well laid, and on a certain day twelve English forts were attacked. Nine of these attacks were successful, but Pontiac himself failed to take Detroit. His spirit was broken.

One day he went to St. Louis to visit some of his old

French friends. While there he heard of a drinking party at Cahokia, just across the river, in Illinois. His friends advised him not to go, but he set out in canoes with a few of his warriors. He was a welcome guest, and he drank deeply. After the drinking bout he wandered off into the woods, singing the songs that in the past had proved a protection to him. An English trader was in the town. This trader was afraid of the influence of Pontiac and bribed a warrior of the Illinois with the promise of a barrel of whiskey to follow and kill Pontiac. The Illinois warrior followed stealthily and in the gloom of the forest buried his tomahawk in the brain of the great Indian chief. Pontiac's friends were furious but outnumbered. They visited all the neighboring tribes and soon countless hordes were in pursuit of the Illinois. There was a fierce battle.

### *Refuge of the Rock*

The survivors of the Illinois fled to the Rock. Here they felt they were safe. While they were on guard no enemies could reach them. On the other hand they could not get away to seek food. When they lowered ropes or grapevines to the river below for water, these were cut by the watchful enemy. Soon they were perishing with hunger and thirst. One dark night they planned to attempt an escape, and they filed down the path from the top, but a stone was dislodged, and their attempt to escape became evident. In the fight that followed only a few escaped to the creek where they had previously seen some canoes. These they paddled with might and main, day and night, until they reached St. Louis just ahead of their pursuers, safe, the last of their tribe, no longer even speaking the name of their tribe. This was the incident, according to tradition, that has given the Rock its name of *Starved Rock*.

*Legend of Ulah*

The legend of Ulah tells a similar tale. According to this legend Ulah was the daughter of the Chief Nepowra. One of Nepowra's warriors had slain Shabbona, the chief of another tribe. Oconee was the son of Shabbona. One day Oconee was paddling his canoe on the river, planning to visit his father's grave, when he stopped to drink in the beauty of the morning. Ulah the maiden had come to the river's bank, and Oconee, charmed by her voice and her beauty, declared his love for her and arranged to carry her away after five moons. At the appointed time she met him under the burr oak, but one of her tribe had seen her go and reported to the chief his daughter's elopement with the hated Oconee. Nepowra called his braves to council and asked whether they would allow their foe to go unpunished. Pauwega, who had slain Shabbona, roused the braves to action with his words, and they started in pursuit.

Oconee with his braves heard the pursuers and with Ulah fled to the Great Rock of the Illinois. Here they were easily able to repulse the multitudes of their pursuers. Nepowra in leading the charge was struck by an arrow shot by Oconee, but lived. Then they no longer tried to take the Rock by storm, but encamped about its base. Days passed and many on the Rock were starving. Finally, Ulah, leaning over the edge of the Rock, besought her father's forgiveness, but in vain. Nepowra died. The next evening Pauwega led his braves to the summit of the Rock and found all dead, Ulah in the arms of her lover.

*A Prophecy*

In his epic poem on Starved Rock William P. Jones has given the following picture of an aged Illinois Indian warrior hurling defiance at the foe below after the Illinois

had been destroyed in their attempt to escape from the Rock.

“Ho! lift your song of triumph high,  
Ye fiends implacable!  
Aye! let it burst the bolted sky,  
The heavens unmerciful!  
For ye—and fate—have crushed to earth  
The last, lone race of hero-birth.  
“Yea, shout! but boast not in your pride  
That ye have quenched our fame,  
For though our gallant host has died,  
Eternal is our name;  
’Tis stamped upon these prairies wide,  
It mingles with the flowing tide.

“These cannot die—they scorn your hate,  
Nor ere shall yield their trust;  
But keep our memory consecrate  
When ye and yours are dust;  
And render down to other days  
Our glorious nation’s deathless praise.

“Aye! now the film hath left mine eyes,  
The future’s course I trace;  
And lo! there comes in stranger guise,  
A gallant, pale-faced race!  
Scoff on, vain foe; for now I see  
That these shall our avengers be.

“And they shall bear our cherished name,  
Aye! bear it proudly, too!  
And round it twine new wreaths of fame,  
Of honor’s brightest hue;  
Till all the world shall hail with joy  
The mention of the Illinois.”

## NORTHWEST TERRITORY



The story of the Northwest Territory (northwest of the Ohio river) follows that of the French explorations and leads directly to the building of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago.

*French and Indian War*

During the French and Indian War (Seven Years' War) English troops were active in this New World in opposing the French and the Indians. The French claimed Canada and the entire Mississippi Valley, but the English were pushing across the Allegheny mountains into the Ohio valley and even venturing up the Mississippi. Both nations wanted control of the fur trade with the Indians, and both wanted possession of the land. The capture of Quebec by Wolfe was the final act of the war in this country. But the English troops under Clive were winning India in revenge for the cruelty of one of the native rulers in stifling his English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta. English soldiers were supporting the Germans in their warfare against the French and the Russians. English sailors were destroying a French fleet, even when their own pilot said it would be extremely dangerous to approach the French vessels.

*Taxing the Colonies*

All this warfare was terribly expensive, and the English people suffered a great many privations to meet the cost. It was, therefore, natural for them to expect the English colonies in the New World to aid in meeting these heavy costs. It was a rather general notion in England that colonies had been established chiefly to furnish raw material and other riches to the mother country and to use the manufactured products of the home country. It is true that the colonies had been at expense in carrying on this warfare against the French and the Indians, but it was the

English viewpoint in parliament that they ought to pay a much heavier proportion.

And so Parliament laid special taxes on her American colonies, even though no representatives of the colonies were members of Parliament. Benjamin Franklin, who had spent a good many years in England, protested against this policy. He said the colonists would refuse to pay.

### *Revolution Started*

They did refuse, and the English government, controlled largely by the king, tried to force the colonies to conform to these acts of Parliament. The colonies thereupon declared themselves free from England and united under George Washington to repel the English soldiers by force. The fighting was chiefly confined to the territory along the Atlantic coast. Most of the able-bodied men were drawn into the army. In the early part of the war most of the advantages and most of the victories were claimed by the English.

The Indian tribes in general aided the English, as it seemed to them that the English were less likely to settle in their country and thus to disturb them in their hunting grounds. Besides, the English were making special efforts to placate the Indians in the Ohio valley. General Hamilton, commander of the English forces at Detroit, was offering rewards for American scalps. At least, such was the claim. He was called "The Hair-Buyer General." The Indians were restless and were apparently preparing to attack the frontier settlements, from which most of the men had gone to fight along the seaboard.

### *George Rogers Clark*

South of the Ohio river were several small communities of pioneers who had crossed the mountains from Virginia

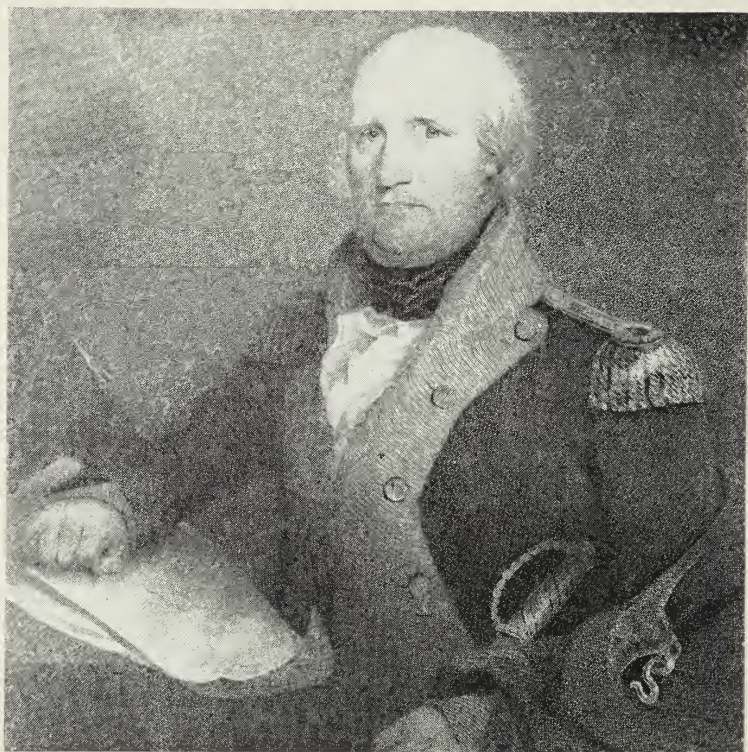
during the preceding three years. George Rogers Clark was one of these men, less than twenty-four years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. As he thought about the situation, it seemed to Clark that the settlers must organize for protection against the Indians. He felt, too, that Virginia, which claimed the country, should give them assistance, or that they should organize a separate state.

A council of pioneers met at Harrodsburg June 6, 1776, to discuss their problems. John Rogers Clark and John Gabriel Todd were selected to represent them in the Virginia legislature. The two men started immediately for Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, a journey overland of seven hundred miles. They arrived too late for the session of the legislature. From the executive council, to whom Governor Patrick Henry referred them, they secured five hundred pounds of powder for the defense of Kentucky.

In the fall of 1777 Clark returned to Virginia and laid before Governor Henry a plan to attack the English in the Illinois and Wabash valleys. He claimed that a successful campaign in the West would save the colonists from attack in their unprotected rear and would contribute more to the winning of the war than would the fighting along the coast. Burgoyne had recently surrendered his English army in New York, but the war was far from finished.

### *Clark Took Kaskaskia*

Clark was granted the privilege of raising a small force of men for a western campaign and was granted a small sum of money. After a trip down the Ohio he led his little company of 175 men across country, a distance of 120 miles. On the fourth of July, 1778, he took Kaskaskia and Fort Gage without firing a single shot. The French



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

living in Kaskaskia were entirely satisfied to have the flag of Virginia floating over them. The other towns in the American Bottoms, along the Mississippi river, also accepted the American rule without resistance. Clark wanted the good will of the Indians, but he seemed entirely indifferent as to whether they cared to make peace with him. His policy won with the Indians, and they all declared themselves friends of the Americans.

*Clark Captures Vincennes*

General Hamilton during this period came down from Detroit with English and Indian troops and took Fort Sackville at Vincennes. Vincennes, occupied by French, had pledged friendship to Clark and was commanded by Lieutenant Helm of Clark's command, until General Hamilton took the fort and made Helm his prisoner. Hamilton boasted that he would retake Kaskaskia in the spring. Clark thereupon marched across country, wading almost impassable streams, and appeared before Fort Sackville. Hamilton resisted a short time, then surrendered. He was sent back to Virginia in chains. Clark hoped to receive sufficient forces to enable him to march northward and to take Detroit. It was a great disappointment to him that he was never able to do this.

*Northwest Territory*

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown brought the war to an end. Clark retained control of the Ohio country until this surrender. When the Americans and English discussed terms of peace, the English claimed the Mississippi valley, but Franklin pointed out that George Rogers Clark had taken this region from them and had kept it till the close of the war. The territory northwest of the Ohio river was thereupon yielded by England to the United States.



Clark was commissioned a general by Washington. For several years he lived in a little cabin near the Ohio river at a place called Clarkville in his honor. He was busy part of this time in locating the men of his former command on land granted them by Congress.

Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York all claimed portions of this Northwest Territory, either because of their original English charters or because of treaties with the Indians. These claims to the Northwest Territory caused delay in signing the Articles of Confederation. If the thirteen colonies were to exist after winning their freedom, they must have some plan of cooperation. So in 1777 the Articles of Confederation were written and approved by the Continental Congress, then were sent to the various states to approve.

Several of the states felt that all the land west of the mountains should be under the control of the central government. They believed that the sale of this land would provide money to meet the debts of the federal government and would also meet the ordinary current expenses of the government. Maryland therefore refused to sign because of her feeling in this matter—refused to sign until the states claiming this western land agreed to give up their claims to the federal government. On March 1, 1781, Maryland finally signed.

### *Ordinance of 1787*

Congress was now faced with two problems with regard to the Northwest Territory—sale of the land and provision for its government. Thomas Jefferson was appointed chairman of two separate committees to solve these problems. The work of the first committee resulted in the land ordinance of 1784, providing that the land should be surveyed and laid out according to lines parallel to the meri-



dians and parallels. Each township was to contain thirty-six sections, each section to be one mile square. Because of his great interest in education Jefferson inserted the provision that the sixteenth section in each township should be set aside for school purposes.

The second committee, under Jefferson's guidance, declared that from the Northwest Territory three to five states might be created as the population increased. These were to be admitted into the Union as equals of the older states. Slavery was forbidden within the bounds of the Northwest Territory. As Illinois was a portion of this Territory, these provisions were of great importance in her future development.

### *Governor St. Clair*

General Arthur St. Clair was appointed governor of the Northwest Territory in February, 1788. He fixed the seat of government at Cincinnati, giving the name to the place in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati, to which many of the officers of the Revolution belonged. People began moving into the territory in greater numbers than ever before.

### *General Harmar*

The Indians, however, continued to live and to hunt in the region. They often attacked the lonely homes and small settlements. They became so troublesome that President Washington in October, 1790, sent General Harmar into the country with a force of fourteen hundred men. Several of the Indian villages were burned. The Indians under the leadership of the Miami chief, Little Turtle, fought boldly against them in several battles. General Harmar withdrew. He had failed to overcome them, and the Indians continued their raids upon the frontier settlements. One of

Little Turtle's warriors was William Wells, his adopted son, who had been captured as a boy in Kentucky.

### *General St. Clair*

Another army, under General St. Clair, went against the Indians the following fall, 1791. Again Little Turtle was the Indian leader. The Indians planned carefully for the coming battle. One morning before sunrise they attacked St. Clair with furious firing. For the most part they remained concealed in the woods, but occasionally charged the lines of the soldiers with their tomahawks. The Americans gave way, then fled in disorder, pursued and cut down by the Indians in the rear. It was a terrible defeat, the worst ever given the Americans by the Indians.

### *General Wayne*

The government tried to make peace with the Indians, but failed. Another campaign was planned, and General Anthony Wayne, hero of the Revolution, was put in command. William Wells left Little Turtle, his adopted father. He was no longer willing to fight against the white men, possibly his own relatives from Kentucky. Wells knew the country well and understood the Indians thoroughly, so he was put in command of the American scouts and given the best horses in the army.

Little Turtle was in favor of making peace with Wayne. In a council of the various tribes he said: "We have beaten the enemy twice, under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. There is something that whispers to me that it would be wise to listen to his offers of peace." The Indians would not follow this advice of Little Turtle.

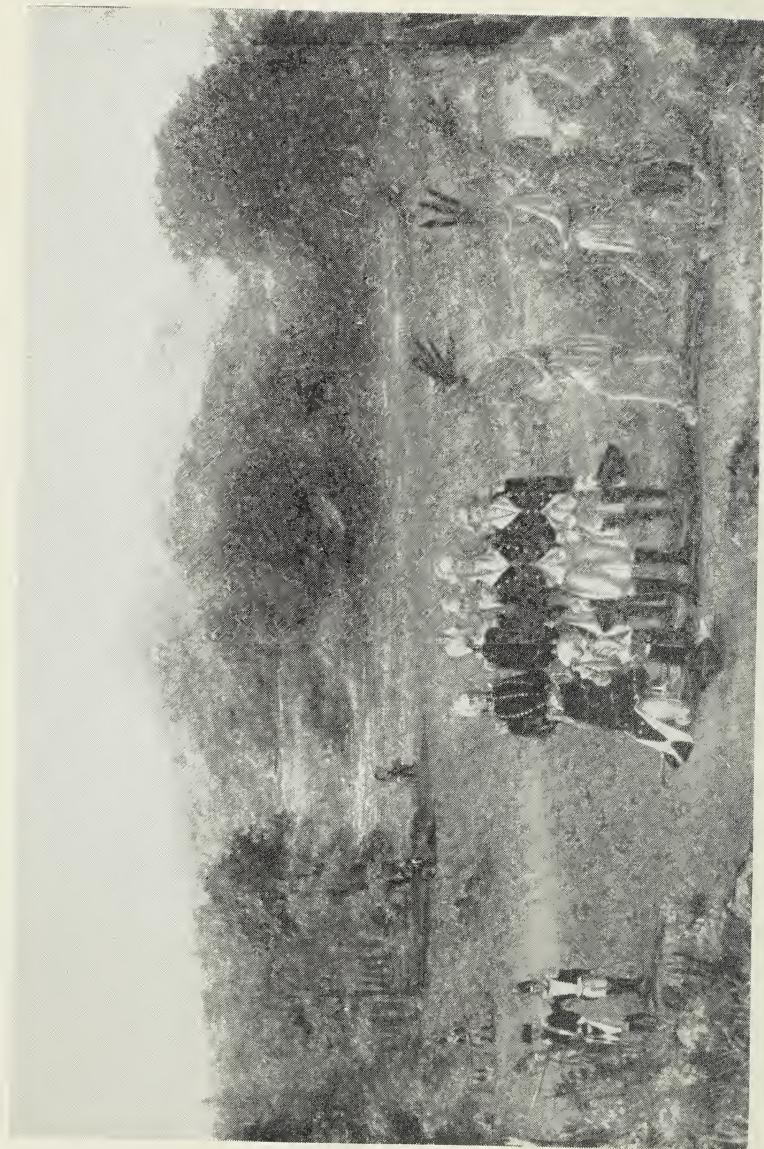
*Battle of Fallen Timbers*

Wayne raised a large army and drilled his men carefully in Indian warfare. He built roads over which his heavy guns might be dragged. For his headquarters, a hundred miles north of Cincinnati, he built Fort Greene, named in honor of a fellow general in the Revolution. At the scene of General Harmar's defeat he built Fort Recovery. Fort Defiance was built where General St. Clair's troops had been so disastrously defeated.

By the fall of 1794 Wayne was ready to meet his foes. The Indians were secreted in dense woods, in which many trees had been broken and uprooted by a tornado. Little Turtle was not in command in this battle, not even present at the beginning of the fight. With the Indians were also Canadians, armed with English weapons. The Indian fire forced Wayne to fall back at first, then his soldiers attacked, and with bayonets drove the Indians out in full retreat. The Battle of Fallen Timbers, on August 20, 1794, gave the Americans complete control of the Northwest Territory.

*Treaty of Greenville*

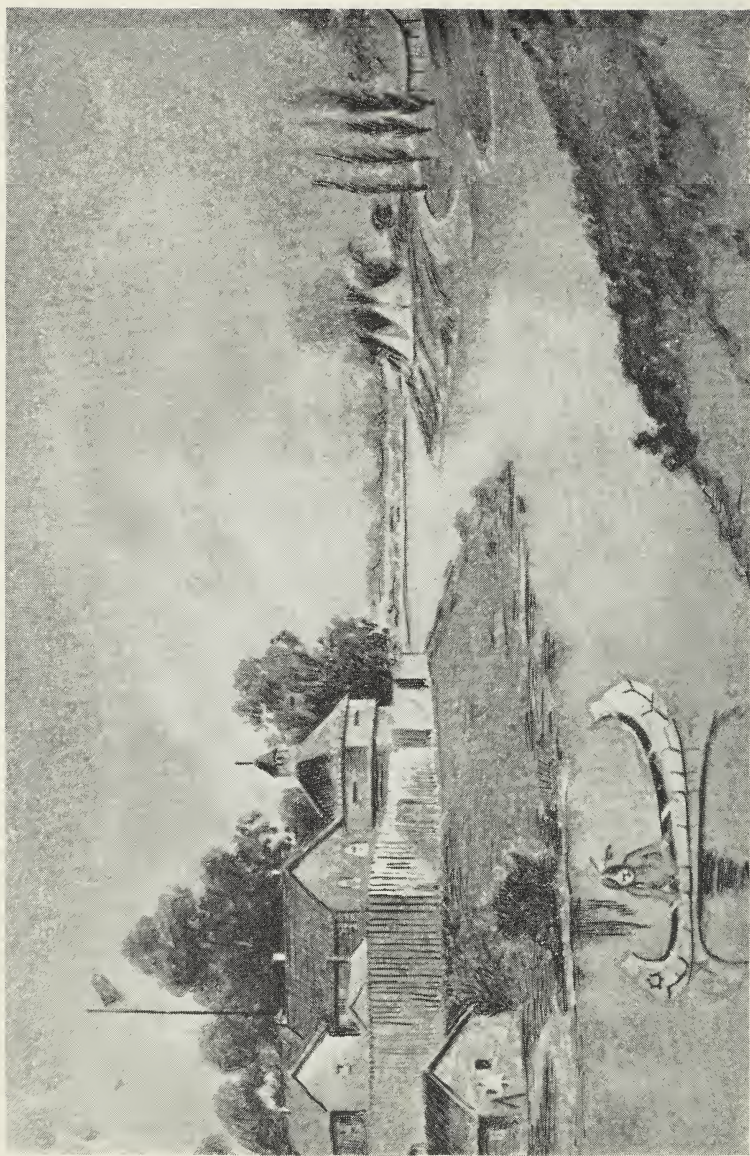
The Treaty of Greenville was signed the following year, August, 1795. Little Turtle was one of the signers. In this treaty the Indians gave up their claims to the land north of the Ohio river and east of the eastern line of Indiana. They also gave to the government "one piece of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chikagou river emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood."



TREATY OF GREENVILLE

## FORT DEARBORN





FORT DEARBORN.



The decisive defeat of the Indians by General Wayne at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794 encouraged the pioneers to move into the Ohio region. Purchase of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, by the government in 1803 gave still greater force to the westward movement. It was necessary to furnish protection from the Indians to the families establishing homes in this wild western country. And so General Dearborn, Secretary of War, directed Captain John Whistler, in April, 1803, to explore the region about the southern end of Lake Michigan. First choice for the location of a fort was near the mouth of the St. Joseph river in Michigan, where La Salle had built Fort Miami. Led by Tecumseh, and probably inspired by the English, the Indians objected to a fort at this place.

### *The Chicago Site*

Captain Whistler pushed on to the mouth of the Chicago river, where the government already held title to a small strip of land, in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Greenville. It was a favorable spot for a fort, well within Indian territory and on a well-used portage between the Illinois river and Lake Michigan.

From Detroit the little company of soldiers marched around the end of the lake under the command of Lieutenant Swearingen. Captain Whistler, with his family, went by boat, the sailing vessel Tracy. He was far from well at the time, and his party included two women, his wife and the wife of his son William. On the seventeenth of August, 1803, all arrived at the site of the new fort. The ladies were invited to use the log cabin of the trader Lalime on the north side of the river.

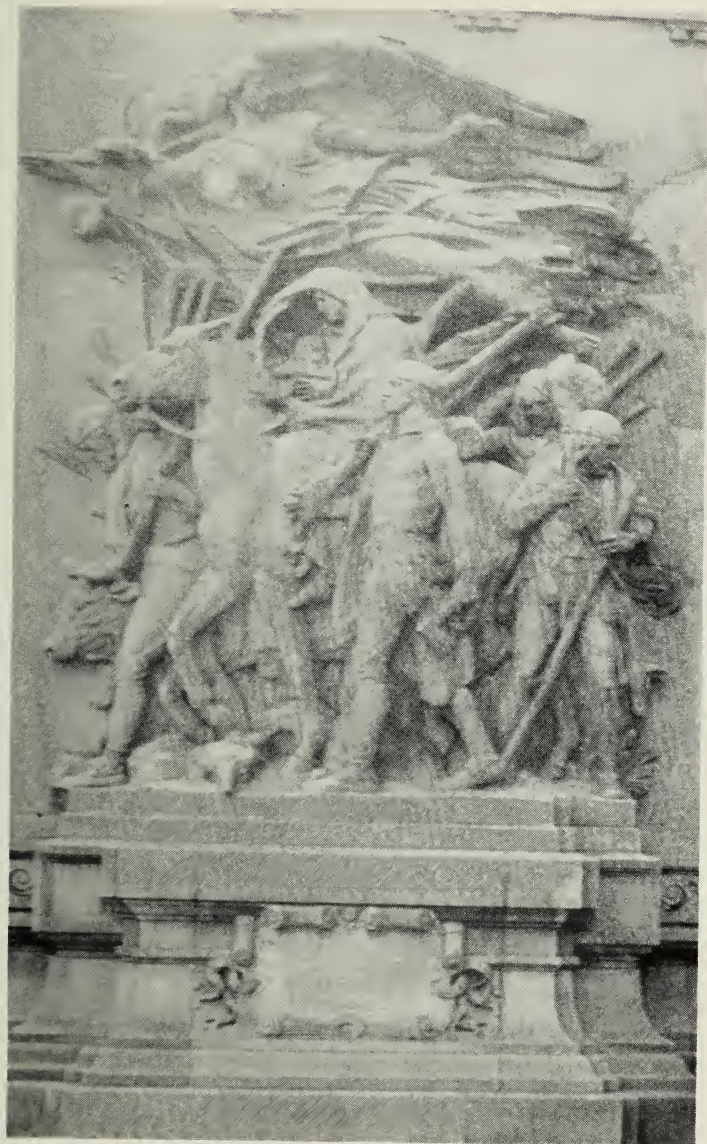
### *Building Fort Dearborn*

The soldiers lived in tents while building their quarters

of wood. They cut down trees on the north side of the river. As they had neither horses nor oxen, they harnessed themselves with ropes and dragged the logs to the river. Then they floated them across the stream and built the fort. This fort, named Fort Dearborn in honor of General Henry Dearborn, was on a low mound, with the river just to the north and also just to the east, for at that time the river did not flow directly into the lake. Instead, it took a sharp turn southward and entered the lake about half a mile to the south.

Posts about fourteen feet long were set in the ground to form a stockade, or double fence, around the fort. At the northwest corner, overlooking the river, was a blockhouse. Another, at the southeast corner, was only about sixty feet from the stream. These two blockhouses commanded the view both outside and inside. If an enemy had succeeded in getting over the outer wall of the stockade, he would still have been within range of two small cannon mounted inside the blockhouses.

The quarters for the officers were built against the stockade on the east and west sides, those for the men on the north and south. Close to the quarters on the north was a small brick building, the magazine, for the storage of ammunition. The open space enclosed by the quarters was the parade ground. In this was a well. The main gateway was about the middle of the south side, but there was also a sunken passage leading to the river on the north side. Several months were spent in building the fort, so that it was summer time in 1804 before it was completed. Fort Dearborn was well adapted for defense against the Indians, though it would have been insufficient against the heavier weapons of the white men.



PIONEERS

*The Kinzies Arrive*

During the summer of 1804 John Kinzie arrived with his wife and infant son John. They had come over Indian trails from their trading post on the St. Joseph river. Kinzie had previously bought the log cabin of Lalime. In fact, only four years earlier he had been present at the sale of the cabin by Point de Saible, its builder, to the French trader Lalime. This cabin was on the north bank of the river, facing the fort. It was a long, low building, twenty-two by forty feet in size, with a porch along the front. There were other buildings also—two barns, a horse mill, a bakehouse, a poultry house, a workshop, a dairy and a smoke house. Kinzie improved the buildings, and the place was often called the “Kinzie Mansion.”

Another member of the Kinzie household was Jeffrey Nash, a colored man. In September, 1803, John Kinzie and Thomas Forsyth, his half-brother, bought Nash as a slave in Detroit. A few days after Kinzie arrived in Chicago he learned that the legislature had passed a law with reference to slaves brought into Indiana Territory, of which Fort Dearborn was then a part. So he had Nash sign papers to show that he was an “indentured servant,” one who would earn his freedom by seven years of work. Nash was soon taken to Peoria by Forsyth. After seven years he escaped, when he failed to receive his freedom. Nash was the first, but not the only, slave in Chicago.

*Agency Building*

After finishing the fort the soldiers built an agency building in 1805, just to the west and also on the south side of the river. This was a log cabin of two rooms, one for living purposes, the other to be used for a storage of the government goods. There was also a “factory” building,

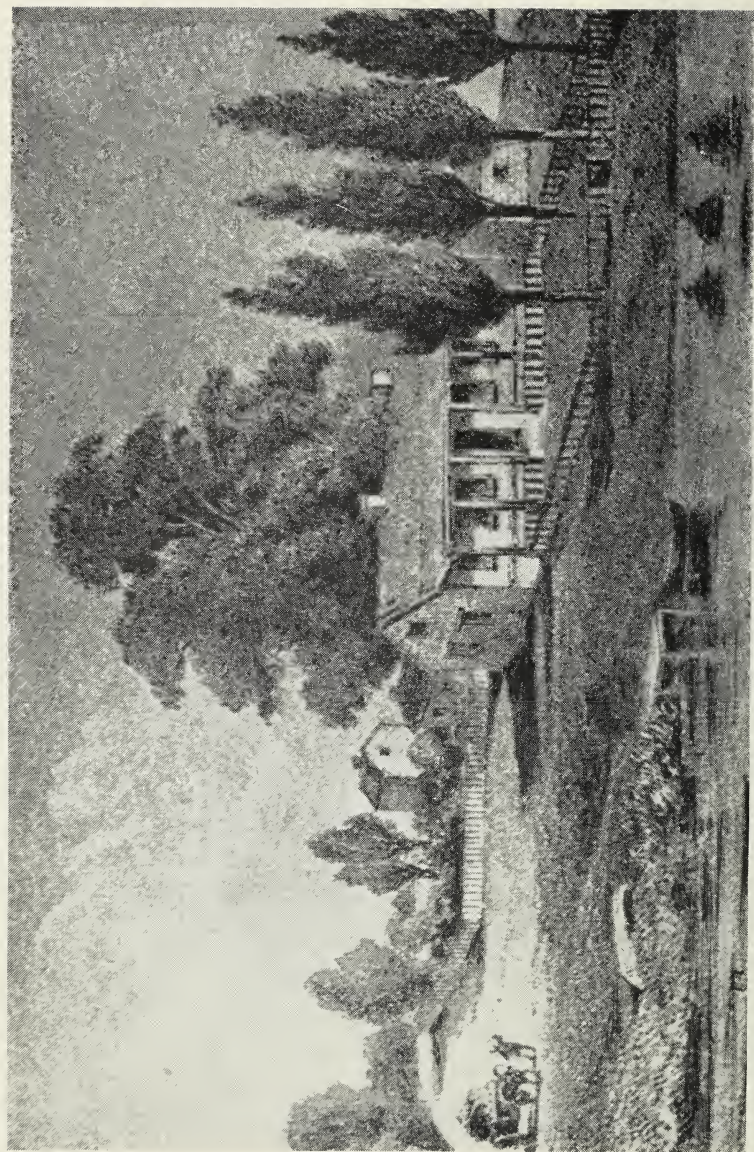


for the government, even in those early days, competed with the private traders in their dealings with the Indians. Charles Jouett was appointed government agent in 1805. He was in charge of giving the Indians ammunition and supplies in accordance with the terms of previous treaties. Ebenezer Belknap was appointed factor to carry on trade with the Indians for their furs, but he was forbidden to sell liquor to the Indians. As the Indians had learned to like the white man's liquor, they preferred to deal with private traders, and after a few years the government "factory" was discontinued.

*Life at the Fort*

Until the War of 1812 the Indians of the neighborhood, Potawatomi, were not troublesome. For the most part life within the fort moved along quietly. There was the usual round of duties and of drills. The officers and men frequently fished in the river and in the lake. About once a week they hunted deer or wolves on horseback. There were also social events in the fort. The families living outside the fort mingled in these social affairs—the Kinzies, the Jouetts, the Burnses, the Lees, the Ouilmettes.

There were also little rivalries and occasional breaking of the military rules. Sometimes a soldier who had partaken too freely of liquor or who had tried to desert was either confined in the guard-house or was punished with twenty-five to fifty strokes of the lash. On the parade ground was a large rock, an old granite boulder which had been hollowed out on top and used by the Indians as a cornmill. This had been chipped on one side by one of the soldiers into a crude resemblance to the face of Wau-ban-see, a friendly Indian chief. It was the usual loafing place for the soldiers.



KINZIE MANSION



During the holidays of the winter of 1808-09 Charles Jouett, the government agent, married Miss Susan Allen of Kentucky. They made their way back to Fort Dearborn in January on horseback. They came through jungles, over snowdrifts and across the prairies in the face of driving storms. Their guide was an Indian, probably the half-breed chief, Alexander Robinson, Che-che-pin-qua.

*Trouble Brews*

In the fort there was trouble over the question as to who should be appointed sutler. The sutler had the privilege of selling to the soldiers those articles that were not given them directly as rations and supplies. At one time the captain's son was favored, at another time the surgeon of the fort. Captain Whistler was accused of favoring his own family. John Kinzie was also involved in the quarrel. It may have been that Kinzie in selling liquor to the Indians had brought upon himself the disapproval of the captain, or perhaps Kinzie himself was anxious for the position of sutler. At any rate, complaint was made to the government. As the whole garrison was involved in the difficulty, the officers were scattered "for the good of the service." Captain Whistler was sent to Detroit, and Captain Nathan Heald, a younger man, was transferred to Fort Dearborn from Fort Wayne. This change of officers took place in 1810.

*Mrs. Heald and Others*

While at Fort Wayne, Captain Heald had become acquainted with Rebekah Wells of Kentucky, who had been at the fort to visit her uncle, William Wells, Indian interpreter and adopted son of Chief Little Turtle. This was the same William Wells who had helped General Wayne in his campaign of 1794. Shortly after Captain Heald

reached Fort Dearborn he asked for a leave of absence. He said the place was so lonesome that he would resign if he were not given this leave. He went to New England but returned by way of Kentucky. With him he brought Rebekah Wells as his bride. They made the long journey on horseback—the captain, his bride, her darky slave Cicely, and their luggage. From Vincennes they followed the “Vincennes Trace,” a trail that entered Chicago along the present State street. The young wife enjoyed life here, and the social affairs at the fort were livelier because of her presence.

Margaret McKillip, daughter of Mrs. Kinzie, had not come to Chicago with her parents in 1804, but had remained in Detroit, where she could attend school. In 1810 she and Lieutenant Linai T. Helm were married. He was one of the garrison at Detroit. The next year he was transferred to Fort Dearborn, and Mrs. Helm became another member of the officers’ circle, and was also often with her mother. During this same year of 1811 two others joined the garrison—Ensign Ronan and Dr. Isaac Van Voorhis, both young and both high-spirited.

### *Massacre at the Lee Farm*

On the seventh of April, 1812, the sergeant and several of the men rowed up the South Branch about five miles to fish. Frequently during the preceding weeks they had gone to this, their favorite, fishing hole. When it was growing dark, they heard the gun at the fort. This was a signal of danger. They put out their lights and silently rowed back toward the fort. When they reached the Lee cabin, about four miles from the fort, they were surprised that no lights were visible in the cabin. Some of the men climbed over the fence to see if all were safe there. They stumbled over



LEE FARM

an object and discovered it was the body of a man who had been scalped.

Hurrying on to the fort, they learned the reason for the firing of the signal gun. John Kelso, an ex-soldier, and the Lee lad of fourteen years, had arrived breathless. That afternoon, they said, eleven strange Indians in war paint had stopped at the Lee cabin. Liberty White, John Cardin, John Kelso and the Lee boy lived here and worked the farm, afterwards called "Hardscrabble."

These Indians had been lurking about the place. As they entered the cabin, their actions aroused the suspicions of the four white men. Kelso told young Lee to watch him and to do as he did. Soon Kelso got up and walked slowly toward the river. The boy followed. The Indians asked what they were going to do. Kelso replied by signs that

they planned to care for the cattle grazing on the other side of the river, after which they would return. The Indians did not object, so the man and the boy paddled across the stream. When they were hidden by the hay stacks, they struck out on a run for the fort. They had gone but a short distance when they heard two shots. They feared it meant the death of their companions, and they ran even harder.

As they neared the fort, they shouted across the river to warn the Burns family. Here was a newly born baby, and Mrs. Burns was still lying on her sick bed. When the story of the Indian attack was told at the fort, Ensign Ronan and some of the soldiers went in a boat for Mrs. Burns and her family. The Kinzies and the other settlers also hurried into the fort.

Next morning a party of soldiers went to the Lee farm. They found Liberty White scalped and terribly mutilated, his dog watching by his side. The Frenchman was also dead. Later it was learned that these Indians were a small party of Winnebagos out for scalps. The firing of the warning gun at the fort prevented them from getting any other scalps, so they went back to their homes.

For several months the garrison and settlers feared that the Indians were planning a massacre. Captain Heald organized the men of the settlement into a small company of militia, fifteen in all. Three of these men soon dropped out, leaving only twelve to assist the soldiers at a later time.

### *Kinzie and Lalime*

Lalime at this time was interpreter at the fort. He and John Kinzie were not on friendly terms. One day in April, 1812, trouble broke out between them. They had been in the fort together. Kinzie left to return to his home on the other side of the river. Lalime followed him out. As

they left, Lieutenant Helm called out, "Beware of Lalime." Kinzie turned, grappled with Lalime, and both fell to the ground. A pistol shot was heard. Kinzie rose, held a handkerchief to a wound in his side, and hurried to his home. Lalime lay on the ground dead, stabbed with his own dirk. Kinzie fled to Milwaukee, where he remained in hiding several days. His family claimed he had been unarmed that day, and that he had acted in self-defense. An investigation was made by the officers of the fort, and their verdict was that Kinzie had killed Lalime in self-defense. Kinzie returned but never afterward spoke of the affair.

### *War of 1812*

For several years past France and England had been at war with one another. Napoleon was anxious to get within his power all of Europe. He was especially anxious to humble England. France warned other nations not to trade with England. England warned the nations not to trade with France. The United States was harmed by these orders. England went even farther and took from United States vessels seamen who, she claimed, were English. Americans resented this, and declared war against England June 18, 1812.

In this Northwest Territory was still further difficulty. Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, were dissatisfied that the Indians had given up the Northwest Territory to the government. Apparently with the support of the English, Tecumseh sought to unite the Indians against the Americans. The government hoped the Indians would remain neutral in the coming conflict, but they didn't. They joined actively with the English, and Tecumseh was the Indian leader most honored by the British commanders.

For four months prior to August, 1812, the little settlement around Fort Dearborn feared an attack of the Indians,

ever since that seventh day of April when the two men on the Lee farm had been tomahawked and scalped by the band of eleven strange Indians. The garrison consisted of fifty-five men, including the officers—Captain Nathan Heald, Lieutenant Linai Helm, Ensign Ronan and Surgeon Van Voorhis. There was also the small band of militia, consisting of twelve men whom Captain Heald had organized from the men living near the fort.

### *Military Warning*

On the ninth of August, 1812, Winnemeg, a friendly chief of the Potawatomi, came into the fort with a message from General Hull, who was stationed at Detroit in command of the armies of the West. General Hull informed Heald that war had been declared between England and the United States and that the British and Indians had already taken the fort at Mackinac. He feared he would not be able to send to Fort Dearborn the necessary reinforcements, and he advised that Heald distribute among the Indians the surplus government supplies in the fort and in the agency and then withdraw to Fort Wayne, Indiana, or to Detroit.

John Kinzie, to whom Winnemeg confided the message from General Hull, advised Captain Heald to hold the fort, as he believed the garrison could withstand the attacks of the Indians. He said, however, that if the fort were to be vacated, it should be done immediately, before the Indians could gather in any great force. The other officers agreed with Kinzie in advising that they hold the fort, but Captain Heald insisted in obeying his orders literally.

### *Preparations*

He called a council of the Indians. He told them of his plan to distribute among them the government supplies,

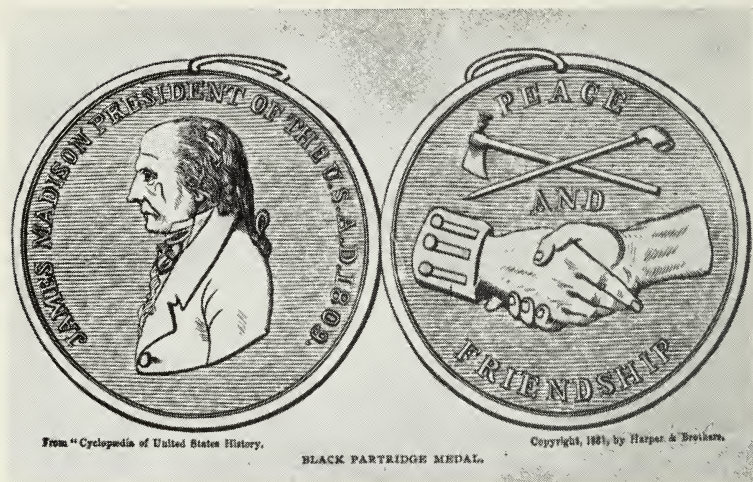


and he asked them for a safe escort to Fort Wayne. This they promised. John Kinzie went with the captain to the council. The officers refused to attend but trained the guns of the fort upon the place of the council. After the meeting Kinzie reminded Heald that in time of war it was not good policy to give the Indians either ammunition or liquor. Heald agreed. That night he poured the liquor of the fort into the river and threw into the well the arms and ammunition that would not be needed by the soldiers. The Indians discovered this and were very angry.

On the fourteenth Captain William Wells, Indian interpreter at Fort Wayne, rode into the fort with thirty Miami warriors to offer his services to the garrison. He was especially anxious to protect his niece, Mrs. Heald. That afternoon Captain Heald again met the Indians in council. This time Captain Wells was with him. The Indians were in an angry mood because of the liquor that had been poured into the river, the liquor that had been promised them. Captain Heald again offered them a large reward for their safeguard on the march to Fort Wayne and promised to give them as much more when they should arrive at that place. Again the Indians promised a safe escort, and again Captain Heald believed them, though Wells felt their promises were not to be trusted.

### *Warning by Black Partridge*

Shortly after the council the friendly chief, Black Partridge, walked into the fort and handed to Captain Heald a silver peace medal which he had been wearing. He said: "I have come to return to you this medal. I have worn it long and in peace. It was the gift of your people, a pledge between us of friendship. My friendship remains unbroken, but there also remains a tie which is much stronger. I am the chief of my tribe. My young men are



brave, and they have been deceived. My tribesman, Win-nemeg, the white man's friend, brought the order that all goods here should be given to my people, to every man his portion. Was it thus done?"

The captain replied: "Black Partridge, you are not wanting in good sense nor in honesty. You must admit that such a course would have been dangerous. The idea of putting liquor and ammunition into the hands of the red man was one of utter madness. The broken firearms are safe in the well, and the more dangerous whiskey has mingled itself harmlessly with the waters of the river and of the lake."

"The powder drowned in the well," replied Black Partridge, "will kill more palefaces than it could have done in the hands of your red children. The river-diluted whiskey will inflame more hot heads than if it had been served honorably and in its full strength. But now the end! Prepare for the worst, and so, farewell!"

The tall chief then bowed his head in sadness and walked away, but his words aroused great fear in the hearts of those who heard them.

*They March Out*

The next morning, Saturday August fifteenth, the garrison set out through the south gate, following the trail to the southward along the lake shore. Captain Wells and half of his warriors led the procession. The soldiers followed, with Captain Heald and his wife, splendidly mounted, at their head. Mrs. Helm also rode with the soldiers. The wagons were next in line. In these were the women, the children and the baggage. They were guarded by Ensign Ronan, Surgeon Van Voorhis, the soldiers with families and the twelve militiamen. Bringing up the rear were the rest of the Miami braves.

John Kinzie walked with those about the wagons. He had been warned by the Indians to go with his family by boat to the St. Joseph river under the protection of friendly Indians. The family started in a boat, but Kinzie himself hoped his presence with the soldiers might prevent an attack upon the garrison.

Wells had blackened his face that morning, the Indian way of saying that this day might prove the last on earth. As the procession started, the band struck up "The Dead March." They quickly swung into a livelier march. As the garrison marched slowly southward, they were accompanied by some five hundred mounted Indians, largely Potawatomi. They reached a line of sand dunes parallel to the lake. Here the soldiers kept to the lake side, but the Indians swung off to the west. At this time Wells, who had been riding ahead, came back at full gallop, shouting to Captain Heald that the Indians were about to attack. The Miami braves all fled.





DEFENSE

*The Attack*

Captain Heald led his men to the top of the sand hills. The soldiers fired a single volley, then charged with the bayonet. The Indians gave way, but only to attack on the flanks and in the rear. The struggle lasted only a few brief minutes. Half the soldiers were killed, twenty-six of them, and all of the twelve militia. Captain Heald and Lieutenant Helm were both wounded, and Ensign Ronan and Surgeon Van Voorhis were slain. Through an interpreter the Indians called upon Heald to surrender. He agreed to do so, but demanded that the Indians allow the prisoners to be ransomed or turn them over to the British as prisoners of war.

Mrs. Heald was also seriously wounded. She was riding her favorite Kentucky horse, which the savages were eager to seize. When she got within range of their bullets, she received six within her own body. Mrs. Kinzie from her canoe saw Mrs. Heald's danger and sent her French servant to urge the Indians to spare their captive and to accept a mule as a present instead. Mrs. Heald was then taken to the canoe, where she lay hidden in the bottom of the boat. When the fighting was over, the Kinzies returned to their cabin. Here John Kinzie with his pocket knife removed several of the bullets.

Mrs. Helm also had a most exciting adventure. During the fight she spoke to Doctor Van Voorhis, who had been wounded. He suggested offering the savages a ransom for their lives. She replied that they had better prepare for death. Just then an Indian attempted to tomahawk her. She dodged the blow and fought with him for his scalping knife. While she was struggling, she was seized from behind by another powerful Indian, who carried her in his arms to the water's edge and plunged her beneath the waves. She thought at first that she was being drowned,





MASSACRE MONUMENT



but soon found that her head was kept above the water. Then she looked up and recognized in her savior the friendly chief, Black Partridge.

When the fighting was over, he took her back to the Indian camp near the fort. Here he turned her over to an Indian squaw, who gave her water sweetened with maple sugar to drink. While she was being cared for, she saw one of the wounded captive soldiers killed by a squaw with a pitchfork. That evening she was taken across the river to her mother's home, the Kinzie cabin.

During the fighting Captain Wells was shot through the lungs. He rode up to Mrs. Heald to bid her goodbye and to send through her a message to his wife. His horse, which had been wounded, fell, pinning him to the ground. Just then he was shot from behind and killed.

Nor were the women and children in the wagons spared. While the fight was in progress, some of the Indians attacked those in the wagons and killed two of the women and twelve of the children. One of the girls struggled with an Indian lad who was trying to tomahawk her. In his anger he seized her by the hair and cut off a part of her scalp, but an Indian squaw saved the girl and then took care of her. The wounded girl recovered but always bore this bald spot, the size of a dollar.

### *The Captives*

The Kinzie family had been unharmed, Mrs. Helm being the only one attacked during the massacre. After the family returned to their home, Black Partridge, Wau-bansee and others kept guard to protect them against strange hostile Indians coming from a distance. During the massacre many of the Indians plundered the fort and the agency building, though Captain Heald had already

given them goods to the value of several thousand dollars. The next day the fort was burned to the ground.

According to the terms of surrender, the captives were to be spared. Five of the wounded soldiers, however, were put to death with the most terrible tortures. The others had various experiences. Captain and Mrs. Heald were taken prisoners by different bands of Indians. At Mrs. Heald's request they were both taken to the St. Joseph river. A few days later Alexander Robinson, the half-breed chief, took them in a canoe to Mackinac. Captain Heald was well supplied with money, for Mrs. Heald had sewed into his clothing a sum of money which his captors failed to find when they stripped off his uniform.

Mrs. Helm went with the Kinzies, first to the St. Joseph river, then to Detroit. John Kinzie himself was kept prisoner for a time by the English on suspicion of being in communication with the Americans. He was later set free. Lieutenant Helm was taken down the Illinois river by his captors, but was later ransomed by John Kinzie's half brother for two horses and the promise of a "keg of stuff." He later joined Mrs. Helm in New York.

### *Ruins*

North of the river was the deserted Kinzie home, a little west of it the cabin occupied by the Frenchman Ouillette with his Indian wife. South of the river were the ruins of the fort, and covering the sands to the southward the unburied corpses of the slain men, women and children. After eight years of garrison life the place had again returned to an Indian solitude. The following year an English furtrader passing through here reported finding two brass cannon, one dismounted, the other on wheels, but in the river. He also wrote that the powder magazine was in good condition.

After the War of 1812 British traders roamed through the region, stirring up the Indians against the Americans. It seemed necessary for the government to build several forts in the northwest. So it was decided to rebuild Fort Dearborn and to build a new fort on Green Bay.

### *Second Fort Dearborn*

On the fourth of July, 1816, Captain Hezekiah Bradley arrived at Chicago with 112 men on board the schooner General Wayne. Pine trees were cut about four miles north of the river, near the lake shore. The logs were rolled into the lake and taken in rafts to the mouth of the river, then up the stream to a point opposite the site of the fort. This new fort was built on the old site, but was a little larger. There was only one blockhouse in this second fort, and it was at the southwest corner. Bands of Indians wandered about the grounds to watch the building of the fort, to beg for tobacco, and to steal whatever tools they could hide under their blankets.

Fort Wayne was now the nearest postoffice. Between these two places mail was carried once or twice a month by soldiers on foot. Food for the garrison was brought around the lakes in schooners. Cattle to supply fresh meat were often driven in on foot. John Kinzie, with his family, returned the latter part of the year. A visitor in 1820 predicted that Chicago would become "a great thoroughfare for strangers, merchants and travelers."

Little happened during the years following the rebuilding of the fort, so in the fall of 1823 the troops were withdrawn. Dr. Alexander Wolcott was Indian agent. During the summer he had married Ellen Marion Kinzie. He was given charge of the fort during the absence of the troops. With his bride he moved into the officers' quarters of the fort. Each year the Indians came to the fort to re-

ceive from Dr. Wolcott the money and supplies due them according to the various treaties signed during the preceding years.

In 1827 the Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin went on the warpath. Word of their uprising was brought to the fort by Shabbona. Gurdon Hubbard, a young man of twenty-five had recently taken over the fur-trading privileges of this region from the American Fur Company, and at the time of Shabbona's warning was visiting in the Kinzie home. There was no garrison in Fort Dearborn at this time, and the inhabitants were fearful of an Indian attack, so Hubbard offered to ride to Danville to raise a company of volunteers for their protection. In seven days he was back with a company of one hundred men. These, with the men about the fort, gave a force of one hundred fifty for the defense of the place. However, the Winnebagos concluded a peace with the Americans, and there was no attack upon Fort Dearborn.

The Indians between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan had become restless as a result of this uprising, so a garrison was sent to Fort Dearborn in October, 1828, under the command of Major John Fowle. In 1831 the fort was again abandoned. For a fourth time a garrison was sent to Fort Dearborn, in 1832. This time the command was given to Major William Whistler, the man who had first come to Fort Dearborn as a lieutenant with his father in 1803. Before he arrived the Black Hawk War broke out. When General Scott came to take charge of the forces against Black Hawk, Major Whistler established a camp for his forces farther north.

Shortly after Christmas in the year 1836 the last salute was fired, the flag was struck, and the last soldier marched out of Fort Dearborn, on December 29, never to return.

The blockhouse was removed in 1857, and the last of the barracks were destroyed in the fire of 1871.

*Reminders*

Over the entrance of the London Guaranty and Accident building, at Wacker and Michigan, is a bronze tablet depicting the first fort. This tablet was placed just about at the entrance to the early fort. On the southwest pylon of the Michigan avenue bridge is a scene of the resistance of Captain Heald during the massacre. On the northwest pylon is shown the arrival at Fort Dearborn of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie with their infant son John. Logs of the second fort have been reconstructed in the Chicago Historical Museum to represent the front of a blockhouse. There may be seen the sword carried by Captain Heald, the buffalo-covered wooden trunk of Mrs. Heald and various other articles. Here, too, is the famous Waubensee boulder which stood formerly on the parade ground of the fort. In Graceland cemetery are the headstones marking the resting places of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, and in Lincoln Park is a granite boulder commemorating the life and services of David Kennison, one of the garrison of the fort before the massacre.

A portion of the Fort Dearborn reservation, south of the fort, was reserved for a public park when the rest of the reservation was sold in 1839. This former Dearborn Park, first public park in Chicago, is the site of the Chicago Public Library. Fort Dearborn itself is gone but its memories linger.

## CUSTOMS



*Tepees*

The tepees of the Potawatomi were made by placing poles in the ground in a circle, bending the tops over and fastening them together. They were usually mound-like in shape, rather than the cone-shaped tepees of many tribes. These poles were then generally covered with mats made by weaving together the cattail rushes that grew so freely in the marshes of this region. They also spread these mats over the bare ground within the tepee. When buffalo skins were plentiful, these were used to cover and to line the tepees. In the middle of the roof was a hole to allow some of the smoke to escape. For summer use lodges were often made that were larger and that were rectangular in shape. In these lodges several families would live together.

*Moving*

When the Indians left for their winter hunt, the moving was simple. The mats were removed from the tepees and were rolled up. A few of the poles were used to make the "travois." This was their cart. Two of the poles from the tepee were fastened at one end to the shoulders of a pony, one on each side, and the other end of the poles dragged on the ground behind. Children and bundles were loaded on these dragging poles. The squaws, carrying their papooses on their backs, rode astride the ponies. Sometimes a dog was pressed into service to drag the lighter bundles on a smaller travois. The work, of course, was done by the squaws, as the braves, riding alongside on their ponies, must be free for the hunt or for an attack by enemies.

Life among these Indians was not easy and starvation often occurred. Along the marshes of the Kankakee it often happened that a dry summer prevented the wild rice and the fruits from maturing, and the early winter would



TRAVOIS

freeze the ground solid. Then the wild animals and the birds would avoid that region. At such times the bands of Potawatomi living here would break up into small groups and separate, trying to find elsewhere enough to keep them alive through the winter. Thus they came to know what plants in different parts of the country were valuable for food and for medicine. Many an early settler owed his life to this knowledge of the Indians and to their skillful nursing.

### *Papoose*

An Indian baby might be born in a wigwam or on the trail as the tribe or the family moved from one place to another. If born on the trail, he was plunged into a stream of water, wrapped in a fold of his mother's blanket, and

within a couple of hours was following the trail on his mother's back. Much of the time for the first six months of his life the papoose was strapped to his cradle, and the Indian cradle, or papoose board, was not like those used by white folks. It consisted of a board about two feet long. At the lower, narrower, end was a foot rest. Near the other end was a strap of iron or of tough wood, forming a loop to protect the head of the papoose if the cradle should fall from the branch of the tree from which it was hanging, or be blown down from the trunk of the tree against which it was leaning.

When the papoose was old enough, he played about in the wigwam or outdoors, absolutely without clothes. He didn't have a school to look forward to with either dread or desire, but he did have a long training to undergo before he knew all the mysteries of the woods, the streams and the prairies. The older men were usually the teachers of the boys. As a part of his training to endure hardship a boy was frequently told to go without food for a whole day. He would then blacken his face and go a long distance from the village. Here he would stay without eating or drinking until his father went for him hours later.

### *Medicine Bag*

When a boy was about fourteen years old, he had to go off by himself and fast for several days and nights, until he dreamed of some animal, bird or fish. He then returned to the village, told his dream and broke his fast. Then he hunted constantly until he found and killed the object he had seen in his dream. The skin of this creature he made into a bag, and this became his medicine bag. In it he kept certain things that the medicine man told him would act as charms against possible sickness or danger in the future. All through life he must keep his medicine bag. It was a



# **BABY BOARD AND WRAPPER.**

Infant often sleeps the better in slumber  
 on this board with the central hole and  
 placed on the mother's knee. The board  
 is made of wood and is used for a  
 wrapper for a wrapped back and  
 front.

MADE IN THE U.S.A. 1917



MEDICINE BAG — BEAR'S PAW

terrible disgrace for him to lose it, even in battle, and the only way he could overcome this disgrace was by taking another medicine bag from an enemy in a fight.

While in his teens a boy was allowed to go with some of the small war parties. If he killed an enemy on one of these trips, he was admitted to the ranks of the braves and might take part in the war dances and scalp dances. He might even lead a war party himself, if he could get others to join him.



*Wooing*

The usual wooing time among these Indians was after corn planting. A young man might sit down near his wigwam and play upon his flute. Out of curiosity the maidens of the village would pass by to see who was playing. He would then change the tune until they had gone away, but when the maiden of his choice came past, he kept on with the same tune. That night he went to her father's lodge with a lighted torch and searched among the sleepers until he found her. He then held the torch to her face. If she blew out the light, he had been accepted, and he took up his lodging there. But if she paid no attention, he left, rejected.

Sometimes his parents chose the bride for the young man, and bargained with her father about a suitable price to be paid in furs or ponies. After this the young man went to the bride's lodge, where she gave him an outfit of clothing, which he put on. She then rode to his lodge, and was there given a complete outfit. With this she returned to her father's lodge, carrying also all his belongings. He made his home in her lodge.

The chiefs and medicine men often had several squaws. The greater the number of wives, the more corn they could raise with their crude tools. On the other hand, the more wives there were, the more quarreling there might be in the wigwam for the brave to endure.

*War*

The Indians have often been called lazy, but there was good reason for this seeming laziness. The very existence of the tribe depended upon the ability of the Indian braves to fight and to hunt. They couldn't afford to be burdened on the march, nor could they afford to be crippled from





STRIKING THE POST

hard work, when at any moment a hostile war cry might be heard.

When a war party was about ready to start out from the village, the braves spent the preceding night in their war dances. They planted a post in an open space and danced about it, striking it with their tomahawks or spears. Each one who struck the post showed in that way that he was eager to attack the enemy.

The next morning they started out in their war paint and under a high emotional strain. Usually they started before dawn and went but two or three miles into the forest, where they then waited for several hours. It was their purpose to avoid the eyes of any possible spies. They seldom fought in the open, but rather from behind trees.



RUB STONE, WAR CLUB, STONE AX, PESTLE

They couldn't understand the white man's method of fighting in the open, with closely formed ranks. They believed it was necessary in a fight to kill their enemies and to protect themselves, so they seldom attacked unless they saw a chance to win. When the odds seemed to them too great, they gave up the struggle and slipped away. They almost never attempted a long siege of a fortified place. It was too difficult for their hunters to supply game for a large number over a long period of time.

Their weapons at first were the bow and the flint-tipped arrow, also a war club of stone with handle of wood or rawhide. After the coming of the white man, the arrowhead was of iron instead of the chipped flint. The

stone tomahawk was also given up for one of metal. Many of these were manufactured in England for the Indian trade. The favorite tomahawk was the pipe tomahawk, useful in a fight, in the preparation of the camp fire, and in the peaceful smoke.

### *Scalps*

Scalping was an Indian custom, adopted also by many of the white men who fought either with or against the Indians. Many of the tribes east of the Mississippi shaved the hair from their heads except the scalplock, which was left as a challenge to the enemy. Feathers and other decorations were frequently braided into these scalplocks on special occasions. It was seldom that a scalp was taken except from an enemy killed in fighting. It was the warrior's record of what he had achieved, much as the white man's written or printed record. It was an honor for a warrior to take the scalp from the one whom he had just slain. This was usually about the size of a dollar and was taken from the portion of the head where the hair is parted. The scalps taken were trophies of honor and were hung in the lodge or carried in the belt, sometimes fastened on a spear.

When a successful war party returned to camp there was great rejoicing, especially if none of their own party had been killed or captured. Within a few days the leader of the war party would give a scalp dance. In this the warriors danced about a fire, each in turn telling of his deeds of bravery, and each showing by his movements in the dance just how he had performed them. Throughout this dance the squaws stood about the outside of the circle, holding aloft the scalps that had been taken.

Indians thoroughly enjoyed the sufferings of their victims. Captives were often fastened to stakes and burned

to death. Seldom did an Indian show any feeling while being thus tortured. When the loss of members of their own party had been avenged by the torture and death of several victims, the other captives were sometimes kept as slaves, though more often adopted into the families where there had been loss by death or capture. Adoption was very common and helped to preserve the tribe against loss by enemies and by disease.

### *Health*

Though outdoor life is usually healthful, yet the Indian suffered much from extremes of weather and from disease. Subject to extremes of heat and cold, he often suffered from rheumatism. For the cure of this he used a vapor bath, putting hot stones in water and wrapping himself in an airtight robe. The smoke from the small wood fire in the middle of the wigwam did not all escape through the opening at the top, but caused much inflammation of the eyes.

When there was plenty to eat the Indian gorged himself; when there was nothing, he chewed the bark of trees or starved. Smallpox had a terrible effect upon some of the tribes. Diseases brought by the white men killed many. Probably the greatest harm was caused by the white man's "fire water," for the Indian could seldom resist his craving for strong drink.

### *Sports*

Yet the Indian was a great lover of sports. He was also a great gambler. He often engaged in a horse race or a foot race, a wrestling match or a contest of skill in archery. One form of this archery contest was to see who



LA CROSSE

could shoot the greatest number of arrows into the air before the first should fall.

The most popular sport was the game of ball, *la crosse*, which had been adopted from the French. It was played with a small ball of hard wood and with small racquets. Twenty or more took part on each side, sometimes one whole village against another. The game usually started in the morning after a night spent in dancing as a preparation for the great event. The players wore no clothes except their loin cloths. They had probably wagered their blankets, their ponies, all their possessions, on the outcome of the game. From the time the ball was thrown up in the middle of the field between the two goals until near sun-





BUFFALO HUNT

down the game went on furiously, each side trying to drive the ball between the opposite goal posts. Shins were banged and muscles were bruised, but that was part of the game.

### *Buffalo*

In hunting, the Indians preferred the buffalo as game. It is not certain that the buffalo was ever in this immediate region, but during the hunting seasons the Indians often traveled long distances. In attacking the buffalo they often attempted to crawl up to the herds on their hands and knees, with wolf skins thrown over their heads and bodies. When they were close enough, they then shot with their bows and arrows. More often they rode after their prey



SCRAPING HIDE

on their ponies, which were so well trained that they would take their riders up on the right side of the animal, in just the right position to allow an arrow to be sent through the heart of the buffalo. The Indian brave usually didn't stop to skin the animals nor to take their carcasses back to camp. That was the work of the squaws.

The bodies of the buffaloes were usually skinned in the field and the hides and meat taken back to camp. Here the squaws scraped the flesh from the hides with stone scrapers, shaped much like the head of a hatchet, or perhaps with the shoulder blade of the buffalo itself. Then for several days the hides were soaked in lye made of ashes and water. After this they were stretched on frames or pegged out on the ground. To tan the skins the squaws dug a hole, placed tepee poles around it, and on these stretched the fresh skins, the raw side inward. They then built a smoldering fire of rotten wood, the smoke of which made the skins soft and pliable.

The meat was cut into long, slender strips and hung on poles to dry in the sun, or over a small fire, then sealed in bags so as to keep a long time and to be convenient for carrying. Sometimes this dried meat, or pemmican, wasn't very carefully protected, but was carried dangling from the pony's saddle, exposed to both dirt and flies.

### *Councils*

When any important question was to be decided, a council was called, in which the old men and prominent warriors took part. Treaties between the white men and the Indians were settled in these councils. While all the principal men were squatted in a circle, the calumet, or peace pipe, would be passed around, each taking a few puffs from the pipe. Then in picturesque language some one would present the matter to be considered. After due thought others would take up the discussion. Presents were often made by the visiting white or red men to emphasize the points they were making.

Father Marquette thus describes a council meeting held by himself and Joliet with a band of Illinois Indians: "Seeing all assembled and silent, I spoke to them by four



COUNCIL

presents that I gave them. By the first I told them that we were journeying peacefully to visit the nations dwelling on the river as far as the sea. By the second I announced to them that God, who had created them, had pity on them, inasmuch as after they had been so long ignorant of Him, He wished to make Himself known to all the peoples, that I was sent by Him for that purpose, and that it was for them to acknowledge and obey Him. By the third I said that the great captain of the French informed them that he it was who restored peace everywhere, and that he had subdued the Iroquois. Finally, by the fourth we begged them to give us all the information that they had about the sea, and about the nations through which we must pass to reach it.”





MEDICINE MAN



In replying to Father Marquette, the chief used the characteristic poetic language of the Indians. Resting his hand upon the head of a little slave, he said: "I thank thee, black gown, and thee, O Frenchman (Joliet), for having taken so much trouble to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, or the sun so bright, as today; never has the river been so calm, or so clear of rocks, which your canoes have removed in passing; never has our tobacco tasted so good, or our corn appeared so fine as we now see them. Here is my son, whom I give thee to show thee my heart."

Having said this, he placed the little slave near the white men and gave them a second present, a mysterious calumet, upon which they placed more value than upon a slave.

### *Medicine Men*

The Indians understood medicine made from the roots of plants and from the bark of trees, and they used these to cure many of their ailments. They were also superstitious and depended upon the medicine men with their jugglery to cure them. They believed that the most common cause of illness came from failure to give a feast after a successful fishing or hunting excursion. The sun, who takes pleasures in feasts, would be angry, they believed, with any one who did not fulfill this duty and would make him ill.

There were also special causes of sickness in the shape of certain little spirits, evil in their nature, who thrust themselves into some part of the body that was diseased. If an Indian had a headache or stomach ache, he would say that a manitou had entered this part of his body, and that it would not cease its torments until it had been drawn out or driven out.

The most common remedy was to summon a medicine man. He would ask where the ache was, and would then mix up his medicines, which he would squirt upon the sore spot. He would try to drive the evil spirit away by beating upon his tomtom, by rattling his gourd filled with pebbles, by dancing about the wigwam, and by uttering terrible yells. He would then fall upon the ground, bite the diseased part of the patient, and by sucking pretend to draw something from the wound, such as a small stone or a bit of string that he had concealed in his mouth beforehand.

### *Burial*

When an Indian died he might be buried in the ground, on the ground, or in the air. If he had been a chief, he was probably placed in a sitting position on some mound. A wall for protection was then built around his body. At regular times members of the family and other members of the tribe came to worship and to mourn. At the end of seven years his bones were buried in the ground, with a mound raised over them.

Many bodies were placed on platforms built on poles or in trees to guard them against the wolves and the foxes, but the birds of the air were free to approach them. It was not at all unusual for the early settlers to find the cradles of papooses hanging on the trees or lying on the ground where they had fallen at the foot of these trees. In these cradles were the bones of the dead infants.

### *Religion*

The Indian religion is not clearly understood. They believed in a good spirit and in an evil spirit. They often gave gifts to the evil spirit to make him friendly. They also thought of the forces of nature as spirits. The white man's

religion was too hard for them to understand, and the priest or preacher made few converts among them. They believed that if the Great Spirit had wished them to be different he would have told them so. The two great spirits that ruled the world, according to the belief of the Potawatomi, were Kitchemonedo, the Great Spirit, and Matchemonedo, the Evil Spirit.

# INDIAN TREATIES AFFECTING CHICAGO

There have been five treaties of particular interest to Chicago, signed respectively in 1795, 1816, 1821, 1829, and 1833.

### *Treaty of 1795*

After the death of Pontiac in 1769 the Potawatomi joined the Miami and others under the leadership of Little Turtle, chief of the Miami, in their resistance to Generals Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne in 1790, 1791 and 1793-4. After General Anthony Wayne had administered an overwhelming defeat to the Indians in the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, the Potawatomi took part in the signing of the Treaty of Greenville on August 3, 1795. This treaty was signed by Little Turtle and by General Wayne. A vast tract of land was ceded to the government by the terms of this treaty. Along with other items in the treaty was the cession of a "piece of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chikagou river, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan." This a few years later became the site of Fort Dearborn.

### *Treaty of 1816*

In 1816, at St. Louis, the Potawatomi ceded a long strip of land southwestward from lake Michigan to the Illinois and Fox rivers, twenty miles in width. The northern boundary of this strip was ten miles north of the Chicago river, and was long known as "The Indian Boundary Line." The street marking this boundary line in Chicago is now known as Rogers avenue. The purpose of this treaty was to secure land for a canal from Lake Michigan to the Illinois river and for a military road to aid in its building. Twenty years later the digging of this canal—Illinois and Michigan—was started, though the canal was not completed until 1848.



*Treaty of 1821*

The Chicago treaty of 1821 gave the Americans five million acres of land on the eastern side of Lake Michigan. Chief Metea, the historian and orator of the Potawatomi, made a speech on this occasion that ranks high among Indian speeches and even among those of the more cultured white man. He said in part, addressing Governor Lewis Cass of the Michigan Territory:

“My Father, a long time has passed since we first came upon our lands; and our old people have all sunk into their graves. *They* had sense. *We* are all young and foolish, and do not wish to do anything they would not approve, were they living. We are fearful we shall offend their spirits if we sell our lands; and we are fearful we shall offend you if we don’t sell them. This has caused us great perplexity of thought, because we have counseled among ourselves, and we do not know how we can part with our land. My Father, our country was given us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon, and to make our beds upon when we die. And he would never forgive us, should we bargain it away. When you first spoke to us for land at St. Marys, we said we had a little, and agreed to sell you a piece of it, but we told you we could spare no more. Now you ask us again. You are never satisfied.

“My Father, we have sold you a great tract of land already, but it is not enough. We sold it to you for the benefit of your children, to farm and to live upon. We have but little left, and we shall want it for ourselves. We know not how long we shall live, and we wish to have some lands for our children to hunt upon. You are gradually taking away our hunting ground. Your children are driving us before them. We are growing uneasy. What lands you have, you may retain forever, but we shall sell no more.

“My Father, we have now told you what we had to say. It was determined on in council among ourselves, and what I have spoken is the voice of a friend.”

It was an eloquent speech, but in spite of its sentiments the treaty was signed, and the government received the land on the payment of certain specified presents and annual payments of money. Among the grants of land in this treaty were two to children of Jean B. Beaubien and his Indian wife, Mannabenaqua. Charles and Medart Beaubien each received a half section of land on the Washtenaw river.

### *Treaty of 1829*

In 1827 the Winnebagos of Wisconsin went on the warpath and urged the Potawatomi to take up the tomahawk also. The little settlement at Fort Dearborn was in great dread at that time of another Indian attack, but the chiefs Sauganash, Shabbona and Robinson persuaded the warriors not to join the Winnebagos, and the settlement was safe.

In 1829, at Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin, the Potawatomi signed the fourth of the treaties that affected Chicago. In accordance with the terms of this treaty the government received the lake front from Rogers avenue, the former Indian Boundary Road, north to Kenilworth. This cession embraced Evanston and Wilmette, also lands to the west.

This treaty included several important grants to individuals. Archange, Indian wife of Antoine Ouilmette, received for herself and her children two sections of land on Lake Michigan south of and adjoining the north boundary of the land ceded to the government. Sauganash received two and a half sections above and adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816, known as the Indian Boun-

dary Line. Chechepinqua also was granted two sections on the Desplaines river.

### *Treaty of 1833*

In the fall of 1833 thousands of Indians gathered at Chicago at the request of Governor Lewis Cass to consider the cession of the last of their lands east of the Mississippi. Most of these Indians were Potawatomi.

An English writer, Charles J. Latrobe, has painted a pitiful picture of the Indian of that day. He wrote: "I love to stroll out toward sunset across the river and gaze upon the level horizon stretching to the northwest over the surface of the prairies, dotted with innumerable objects far and near. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvas and mats and surmounted by poles supporting meat, moccasins and rags. Their vicinity was always enlightened by various painted figures dressed in the most gaudy attire. The interior of the hovels was generally covered with a few half-rotten mats or shavings, upon which men, women, children and baggage were heaped pell-mell.

"Far and wide the grassy prairies teemed with figures, warriors mounted or on foot, squaws and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies, each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There a solitary horseman with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed—groups of hobbled horses, Indian dogs and children, or a grave conclave of gray chiefs seated on the grass in consultation."

This last of the treaties was signed in Chicago September 26, 1833. According to its terms the Potawatomi gave up all claim to any territory east of the Mississippi and accepted a reservation in the west, agreeing to migrate within three years.

There were many who were given special annuities in this treaty. Among them were Sauganash, Shabbona, Checchepinqua, Antoine Ouilmette, Medore and Charles Beau-bien, Joseph Baily and James Kinzie. Sixty years after the signing of this treaty Chief Simon Pokagon was still trying to collect the money due the tribe from the government, to the amount of about \$180,000, without interest. And this was not fully paid until 1896.

Altogether these Indians had signed thirty-eight treaties during a period of forty-eight years. In all but two or three of these they had given up claim to portions of their lands.

This chapter in American history pertaining to the Indian treaties is one that cannot be read without some condemnation. It was usually a foregone conclusion that the demands of the government must be met, no matter in what terms they may have been phrased. The Indians in their later days had become strongly addicted to drink, and when gathered for the making of a treaty they managed in some manner to secure a plentiful supply. Moreover, they were usually in debt to the private traders. The traders knew that their chances for getting payments were poor except through the government, so that many of the terms of the treaties were dictated by these self-seeking traders. Much of the money and many of the reservations went to those with little or no Indian blood.

On the other hand, the government did give presents and did make annual payments of money for the lands ceded. The government also often provided reservations farther to the westward.

The Indians, too, who made the treaties in many cases had themselves in the past driven out other tribes from these same regions, and so were themselves squatters. According to their philosophy, however, their wars among

themselves were a family affair, and in those the white man had no part. The Great Spirit had given the land to the red man, and the particular ownership they were free to settle among themselves.



## INDIAN TRAILS

*Sauk*

Black Hawk, with his warriors, made many trips to Canada from his village on Rock river. They followed the Sauk trail, which ran in almost a straight line from Rock Island to Chicago. In some places on the high prairie it was worn a foot or more below the surface. Forty years after the Indians had departed from this region the trail could still be traced throughout much of its course. The Sauk trail led on to Detroit. Over this trail La Salle had often traveled, and the first soldiers to build Fort Dearborn had also followed the same trail. Later the white man used it as a portion of the Chicago Road between Detroit and Chicago.

*Potawatomi*

The Potawatomi trail came up from the Illinois country, skirted the Kankakee marshes and passed over to the St. Joseph river, where it merged with the great Sauk trail. It never crossed a hill which it might go around; it crept through the hollows, avoiding with the greatest care those conditions in which a moccasin could not be kept dry and clean; it clung to the shadows of the great timber belts. At every step this ancient trail told the story of wilderness fears.

*Portage*

Portage trail led from the Desplaines river around Mud lake to the South Branch. This was the path followed by Joliet and Marquette on their first trip through this region. Father Marquette on his second trip to the Illinois Indians may have been dragged on a sled over this same trail, and La Salle and Tonty knew it well. Ogden avenue parallels its course now, less than a mile to the north.

South of the canals is Archer avenue, formerly Archer road and before that an Indian portage trail. The north trail was apparently the one more commonly used. Colonel Gurdon S. Hubbard tells an interesting tale of his first trip through here as a lad of sixteen, a clerk of the American Fur Company. Coming up the South Branch from the lake, they reached Mud lake, which lay between the South Branch and the Desplaines river, and which in the rainy season was the connecting link between the two streams.

According to his tale the goods were sent over the trail on the backs of some of the men. Others stood in the boats and with branches fastened to their poles attempted to force the boats through the mud. Still others waded alongside to help push, but clinging to the sides of the boats to save themselves from being completely buried in the mud. At the end of the day they busied themselves in freeing their bodies of the blood leeches that were burrowing through the skin, and in fighting the mosquitoes.

### *Vincennes*

The Vincennes trail, or trace, led from Vincennes on the Wabash river to the northward through Danville to Chicago. This was the trail that Hubbard, the fur trader, followed for many years. That part of the trail which lay between Danville and Chicago was called Hubbard's trail. Later, when the state surveyed and laid out a state road, it followed almost exactly the old trail, and then became known as the State Road. The portion within the city limits is still called State Street.

### *Green Bay*

Off to the northward ran the Green Bay trail. Within the present city limits North Michigan avenue, Clark street,

Elston avenue and Milwaukee avenue were all trails that eventually merged and in general formed the Green Bay trail. Green Bay road now forms a part of the old Green Bay trail along which Indian and white man traveled in war parties, and with messages or mail sacks in the earlier days.

### *Little Fort*

Little Fort trail, a little to the west of the main Green Bay trail, led from Chicago to Waukegan. Lake street was another of the trails leading to Chicago from the west. In fact, every winding or diagonal road was in all probability originally an Indian trail, and possibly before that a buffalo trail, for the red man was not governed by the surveyor's compass. Following the streams or the most convenient trails, he made his way from one village to another.

### *Trail Markers*

Where the trail might be difficult to follow he bent a sapling and fastened its upper end in the ground. As the sapling grew it formed a peculiar horizontal "z" that pointed to the next village or point of interest. In the little lakeside park in Evanston, near the foot of Davis street, is such a tree, long since dead and taken from its former living place near Calvary station. From its horizontal trunk extend three great limbs straight upward. The inscription states that it formerly pointed to an Indian village at Bowmanville.

### *Tragedies*

Many a tragic tale, and occasionally one of romance, might be gleaned from these ancient trails if only their records could be read aright. It was in 1811 that Captain Nathan Heald and his lovely bride rode from her Kentucky



TRAIL MARKER

home to his station at Fort Dearborn over the Vincennes trail.

On the fateful fifteenth of August, 1812, this same Vincennes trail saw the hurrying bands of Potawatomi, Miami and Ottawa. Word had reached the Illinois and Wabash countries that on that day the red man would take revenge on the white men and women in Fort Dearborn. They understood that their British father wanted them to do so. As they hastened northward they arrived too late to take part in the carnage or in the pillage of the fort, but the Kinzie family, spared in the massacre, were all gathered in the Kinzie home. These savages, just arrived, crossed the river, and pushed through the Indians friendly to John Kinzie who had gathered to protect him from these sullen savage strangers. They entered the house, stood



there with weapons ready for action, when Sauganash arrived, also too late to be present at the massacre, but in time to shame these would-be slayers and to save his friend John Kinzie, the trader and silversmith.

In 1827 this same Vincennes trail saw Gurdon Hubbard speeding on horseback to raise a company of militia near Danville so as to save the little village of Chicago from the threatened Winnebago attack.

The Sauk trail was the scene of many a hurried flight during the awful period of the Black Hawk war. James Sampel was a local preacher. For a time he and his wife stayed in safety on an island near Rock Island, but as no war parties had been seen in the neighborhood for some time, they concluded to ride back along the trail to Hennepin. They were well mounted and expected to stay over night with some settlers who lived midway. When they reached the cabin it was deserted and barricaded. They rode on to another, only to find that not a settler remained in that region. They spent the night in the woods. As they rode slowly across the prairie next day they suddenly heard behind them the shouts of pursuing enemies. They tried to outrun the Indians on their horses and were succeeding, when Mrs. Sampel's horse floundered in the mud and threw her. Her husband turned to help her and both were captured. They were bound to a tree; a fire was built about them, and in the greatest of agony they perished, while the Indians danced in fiendish glee about them.

Dr. William Madison was the surgeon at Fort Howard on Green Bay. When assigned to this fort he had left his young wife in Kentucky. He received word of the birth of a son, and finally he obtained leave of absence that he might visit his wife and child. On a day in May, 1821, he set out along the Green Bay trail with the mail carrier. During the second day they fell in with an Indian, who

accompanied them. Toward sundown they crossed a small ravine, the mail carrier in front and the Indian in the rear. A shot rang out, and the surgeon fell mortally wounded. A little later the guilty Indian was brought into the fort by the chief of his tribe, was condemned to death and was hanged on the gallows, with a final request from him for pardon for his crimes.

One season the great Sauk trail saw a band of Iroquois coming to the westward. For several days they lay hidden in the recesses of Lost Lake, in the region of the Kankakee. They were waiting for the hunting party of the Potawatomi to return so that they might fall upon them unexpectedly and take scalps and booty, but something occurred to frighten the women and children of the village, and they fled to their hiding place in Lost Lake, right into the hands of their lurking enemies. The Iroquois hurried their prisoners, the women and children, off along the trail, but one little lad was overlooked. When the hunters returned he told them what had happened. The warriors immediately took the Potawatomi trail, reached the crossing of the trails ahead of the Iroquois, and lay in wait for them. While the Iroquois were crossing the stream, the Potawatomi attacked. The women who had been prisoners joined in the attack, and few of the Iroquois were left to tell the tale.

It was in 1835 that the Indians last gathered at Chicago, and here they had their last great war dance, for it was decreed that the time had come when they must make their long trek across the Great River to their new reservation beyond. Whether predestined by fate, or overcome by the force of the white race, or weakened by his own follies, the red man has followed the trails so far to the westward that he is seldom to be seen here now.

*Roads*

The trails have since been followed by pioneers on horseback and in heavy Conestoga wagons. Rude roads were then corduroyed and later planked to save these wagons from the mire of the prairies and the swamps. The plank roads with their farm wagons gave way to turnpikes with their frequent toll gates and gay and dashing stage coaches. These in turn rapidly yielded to the hard cement roads upon which autos speed in ever increasing numbers. Ogden avenue exemplifies all these changes—a trail, the Southwestern Plank road, a city thoroughfare.

*Fate*

An artist has painted a picture of an Indian upon a high crag. He is resting upon one knee, and, with bow drawn taut, is watching some scene below. It is representative of the attitude of the Indian of the west, as from a distance he watched the stretching of the steel rails across the prairies that had been his. He was ready to resist, but realized the hopelessness of such an act, for the gleaming rails marked a trail that obliterated his foot trodden trails and that ushered in a civilization to which he could not adapt himself.

## TALE OF THE RED FOX

Among the Indians the children and the older men and women were fond of listening to stories. Story tellers went from village to village telling these tales again and again. Many of them were about animals that were assumed to have many of the characteristics of human beings. Among these stories one of the most enjoyed was the story of The Red Fox. The red fox was said to resemble the jackal in his habit of disturbing the graves of the dead. The Indians dreaded to hear his bark at night, as they believed it foretold disaster and death. The red fox was originally of a uniformly reddish-brown color, but his legs became black, as the story describes.

There was a chief of a certain village who had a beautiful daughter. He determined on one occasion to make a feast and to invite all the animals. When the invitation was brought to the red fox, he inquired, "What are you going to have for supper?"

"Mee-dau-mee-nau-bo" (parched corn), was the reply.

The fox turned up his little sharp nose and said, "No, I thank you, I can get plenty of that at home."

The messenger returned to the chief and reported what the fox had said.

"Go back to him," said the chief, "and tell him we are going to have a nice fresh body, and we will have it cooked in the best manner possible."

Pleased with the prospect of such a treat, the fox accepted this second invitation. The hour for the feast arrived, and he set off for the lodge of the chief. The company were all prepared for him, for they made common cause with their friend who had been insulted. As the fox entered, the guest next to the door, with great courtesy, rose from his seat and begged the newcomer to be seated. Immediately, the person next to him also rose and insisted that the fox should occupy his place, as it was still nearer

the fire—the place of honor. Then the third, with many expressions of civility, pressed him to exchange seats. Thus with great ceremony he was passed along the circle, always approaching the fire where a huge kettle stood, in which the good cheer was still cooking.

The fox was by no means unwilling to occupy the highest place in the assembly, and, besides, he was anxious to take a peep into the kettle, for he suspected he might be disappointed in the feast he had been expecting.

So, by degrees, he was ushered nearer and nearer the great blazing fire, until with a push and a shove he was hoisted into the seething kettle.

His feet were dreadfully scalded, but he leaped out and ran home to his lodge, howling and crying with pain. His grandmother, with whom he lived, demanded of him an account of what had happened. When he had told all the circumstances, she reproved him very strongly.

“You have committed two great faults,” she said. “In the first place you were very rude to the chief who was so kind as to invite you, and by returning insult for civility you made yourself enemies who were determined to punish you. In the next place, it was very unbecoming in you to be so forward to take the place of honor. If you had been contented to keep your seat near the door, you would have escaped the misfortune that has befallen you.”

This did not console the poor fox, who continued to whine and cry, while his grandmother, having finished her lecture, proceeded to bind up his wounds. Great virtue is supposed to be added to all medicine and treatments by a little dancing, so the grandmother fell to dancing with all her might, round and round in the lodge.

When she was nearly exhausted, the fox said, “Grandmother, take off the bandages and see if my legs are healed.”



She did as he requested, but no—the burns were still fresh. She danced and danced again. Now and then, as he grew impatient, she would remove the bandages to observe the effect of the remedies. At length, toward morning, she looked, and, to be sure, the burns were quite healed. “But, oh!” she cried, “your legs are as black as coal! They were so badly burned that they will never return to their color!”

The poor fox, who was proud of his legs, cried out, “Oh, my legs! My pretty legs! What shall I do? I shall never dare show myself again!”

He cried and sobbed until his grandmother, exhausted with her exercise, fell asleep. By this time he had decided upon his plan of revenge.

He rose and stole quietly out of his lodge, and, taking his way rapidly toward the village of the chief, he turned his face in the direction of the principal lodge and barked. When the inhabitants heard this sound in the stillness of the night, they trembled. They knew it meant sorrow and trouble to some one of their number.

Only a short time passed before the beautiful daughter of the chief fell sick, and she grew rapidly worse and worse, in spite of medicines, charms and dances. At length she died. The fox had not intended to bring this misfortune on the village, for he loved the beautiful daughter of the chief, so he stayed in his lodge and mourned and fretted for her death.

Preparations were made for a magnificent funeral, but the friends of the dead girl were in great perplexity. “If we bury her in the earth,” they said, “the fox will come and disturb her remains. He has barked her to death, and he will be glad to come and finish his work of revenge.”

They finally agreed to hang her body high in a tree as a place of burial. They thought the fox would go groping

about on the ground and not lift up his eyes to the branches above his head. But the grandmother had been at the funeral, and she returned and told the red fox all that had been done.

“Now, my son,” she said, “listen to me. Do not meddle with the remains of the chief’s daughter. You have done mischief enough already. Leave her in peace.”

As soon as the grandmother was asleep at night, the fox rambled forth. He soon found the place he sought, and came and sat under the tree where the young girl had been placed. He gazed and gazed at her all night long, and she appeared as beautiful as when in life. But when the day dawned, and the light enabled him to see more clearly, then he observed that her body was beginning to decay.

He went home, sad and afflicted, and passed all the day mourning in his lodge.

“Have you disturbed the remains of the chief’s beautiful daughter?” was his grandmother’s anxious question.

“No, grandmother,” and he uttered not another word. Thus it went on for many days and nights. The fox always took care to quit his watch at early dawn of day, for he knew that her friends would suspect him, and come to see if all was right.

At length he perceived that gradually the young girl looked less and less hideous in the morning light, and that by degrees she resumed the appearance she had presented in life, so that in process of time her beauty and look of health quite returned to her.

One day he said, “Grandmother, give me my pipe, that I may take a smoke.”

“Ah!” she cried, “you begin to be comforted. You have never smoked since the death of the chief’s beautiful daughter. Have you heard some good news?”

“Never you mind,” he said, “bring the pipe.”

He sat down and smoked and smoked. After a time he said, "Grandmother, sweep your lodge and put it all in order, for this day you will receive a visit from your grand daughter-in-law."

The grandmother did as he wished. She swept the lodge and arranged it with all the taste she possessed, and then both sat down to await the visit.

"When you hear a sound at the door," said the red fox, "you must give the salutation, and say, "Come in."

When they had been thus seated for a time, the grandmother heard a faint, rustling sound. She looked towards the door. To her surprise, the mat which usually hung as a curtain was rolled up and the door was open.

"Pseu-tee-geen—n'dau-nis!" she cried. Something like a faint, faint shadow appeared to glide in. It gradually took a more distinct outline. As she looked and looked, she began to discern the form and features of the chief's beautiful daughter, but it was long before she appeared like a reality and took her place in the lodge like a thing of flesh and blood.

They kept the matter hidden very close, for they would not for the world have the father or friends of the bride know what had happened. Soon, however, it began to be rumored about that the chief's beautiful daughter had returned to life and was living in the Red Fox's lodge.

The news created great excitement in the village. "This must never be," they all cried. "He barked her to death once, and who knows what he may do next time."

The father took a decided part at once. "The Red Fox is not worthy of my daughter," he said. "I had promised her to the Hart, the finest and most elegant among the animals. Now that she has returned to life I shall keep my word."

So the friends all went in a body to the lodge of Red Fox. The bridegroom, the bride and the grandmother made all the resistance possible, but they were overpowered by numbers, and the Hart, having remained on the outside where there was no danger, the beautiful daughter of the chief was placed upon his back, and he coursed away through the forest to carry her to his home. When he arrived at the door of his lodge, however, he turned his head, but no bride was in the place where he expected to see her. He had thought his burden very light from the beginning, but he supposed that was very natural to spirits returned from the dead. He never imagined that at the outset she had glided from her seat, and in the midst of the tumult had slipped back, unobserved, to her chosen husband.

One or two attempts were made by the friends after this to get hold of her, but all without success. Then they said, "Let her remain where she is. It is true that the Red Fox occasioned her death, but by his watchfulness and care he caressed her into life again; therefore she rightfully belongs to him."

So the Red Fox and his beautiful bride lived long together in great peace and happiness.

CHIKAGOU AND TONIKA

*Adapted from a story by Rachel G. Heyer, which was  
published in Sartain's Magazine of December, 1851*

On the west bank of the Mississippi river, on a high bluff commanding a view of many miles of that turbid and impetuous stream—now the site of the beautiful town of Natchez—was situated in 1729 the village of the Natchez tribe of Indians. South of this, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, stood the French fort of St. Rosalie, containing a small garrison under the command of Captain du Chopt, who was also governor of the colony in its immediate neighborhood. This colony consisted of some two or three hundred persons—men, women and children. And these were made up of soldiers, traders, agriculturists, artisans and lastly, of gentlemen, poor relations of some of the French nobility, who had come out under the auspices of the great financier, Law, to make their fortune, and to find a grave. This settlement joined immediately onto the Indian village, and was in many respects like it.

Extending back from the edge of the bluff that overlooked the river might have been seen on a sultry afternoon in the latter part of the month of August a collection of huts constituting the Natchez village. Two objects rose into view above the line of the common level. First was the temple—an edifice with an arched roof, surrounded by a palisade, upon the points of which were exposed some half dozen score of human heads. The next building of importance was the residence of the Great Chief, or, as he was called, the Brother of the Sun. This was built upon an elevated platform of earth and was more spacious than any of the others.

It was now a season of great drought, and it seemed as if all nature were resting from her labors, and lay panting in the glare and heat of day. The foliage was covered with dust—the grass burnt to a bright dry brown—the Mississippi rolled in heavy masses of muddy water in its con-



tracted bed—and no form of life, whether of beast or bird, broke the solemn stillness.

Presently there emerged from one of the huts into an open space near the western quarter of the village an old Indian, arrayed in the most grotesque fashion. Upon his head he had secured the horns of a buffalo. His shoulders were covered by a broad collar of porcupine quills. Around his loins he had wrapped a scarlet cloth, in which were stuck several small images made of a kind of red earth. He held in his right hand a long reed with a perforated bulb at the end of it, through which he forced bubbles of water. In his left there was an instrument resembling a child's rattle, which he ever and anon shook in the air. In his wide savage lips he held his pipe. As soon as he had advanced into the middle of the open ground, he began to throw his body into the most singular forms. Then he would stand still, blow the water upwards through his reed, shake his rattle, send a cloud out of his nostrils, and, seizing one of the little images from his belt, hold it towards the sun, and sing forth his uncouth incantations. It was old Umqua, whom the Great Chief had commanded to bring the rain.

Umqua continued his invocations. The water blown from the reed issued in little bubbles that showed their gilded spheres for a moment in the sun and then burst and disappeared like the imaginary schemes of vain mortals. The smoke curled upward in white thin columns like plumes upon the head of beauty, and ended like the thoughts of beauty, in airy nothing. Umqua's dark little eyes suddenly lighted up with sparkles of savage pleasure. He uttered the deep guttural Ugh! of surprise; and, darting a column of smoke from his mouth, followed it with an attentive smile as it rose slowly and heavily upward and was caught by a light breeze and wafted away. So with the

bubbles, they no longer floated upward as before but swept along and broke upon the ground. Umqua saw in these evidences of a sudden atmospheric change.

He ran to the edge of the bluff, and, holding up his hand, pointed to the southwest. There strips of long white cloud lay upon the horizon, which unfolded themselves into undulating dark masses. By and by these rose up toward the setting sun and stretched themselves out as if to seize and submerge his light in their vapory bosom. The breeze freshened. Sharp flashes of lightning darted and trembled along the tops of the distant mountains. Then came the low, deep tones of the thunder. The sun descended into the sea of clouds, and from all quarters there rushed into mid-air streams of funeral drapery to invest the skies. Then came the raindrops. Then the uproar of the winds contending among the struggling and hoarse-complaining trees of the forest. The inhabitants sought their huts and left the tempest to do its work alone in the darkness.

The morning broke in a glory of golden splendor. As the yellow beams struggled over the mountain tops and lighted up the dripping foliage, the village began to awaken. Soon a canoe arrived on the shore below containing a solitary Indian. His business was to acquaint the Great Chief with the intended visit of Mamautouensa, chief of the Kaskaskians, and Chikagou, chief of the Michigans, followed by a few braves. This was a visit of ceremony and would take place in the afternoon.

Mamautouensa, chief of the Kaskaskians, was an old man, in no respect remarkable, except for the mildness of his disposition, which was remarkable in a savage.

Chikagou, chief of the Michigans, was a person to challenge a much more particular attention, as well upon account of his moral and intellectual as of his physical qualities. He was now probably about twenty-three years



of age, tall, and well-formed in person, with light, graceful limbs, a fine countenance, adorned and lighted up by eyes of a deep, meditative expression, sometimes rather sad than brilliant but always interesting. His voice was deep and musical, fit for the terrible or the tender. His manners were free, yet courteous. His dress was fitted with taste and elegance. But all this was easily accounted for by the fact that Chikagou had passed the greater part of a year in Paris, where he had been the lion of the court and of the ladies. He had been taken thither by one of the Jesuit Fathers as a rare specimen of an Indian convert, with the view to excite a sympathy in the public in favor of their American missions. Chikagou was an apt scholar and ready observer. He had learned to read, write and speak the French language with a fair degree of facility. He had also imbibed a fondness for some of the French ways, and brought away with him many tokens of French favor, among the rest a gold snuffbox, a present from the Duchess of Orleans. But a year's residence in the great metropolis more than satisfied him, and he longed to return to the hunting grounds of the free West.

Chikagou was also a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had not failed to engraft upon a noble nature some principles of Christianity, which subdued his more savage points of character and gave him the air of a gentleman. Still, upon the whole, he was a savage, at least in his tastes and modes of life.

In the village the preparations for the reception had gone forward with a degree of bustle suitable to the greatness of the occasion. Immediately in front of the Great Chief's residence and on the same platform there were arranged four seats, covered with red cloth. The residence itself was adorned with a variety of savage muskets, swords, powder horns, etc. Mats were disposed around



for the lesser personages. The four seats were reserved, two for the Great Chief and Tonika, and two for the distinguished visitors. The reason why Tonika was thus preferred to the exclusion of the wives of the chief was that the government was hereditary in the family of the Great Chief, who claimed with his brethren across the water the "right divine of kings." But the succession was in the offspring of his sister and not in that of his own wives.

The Great Chief appeared at the door of the royal residence, his head adorned with a crown of red and white feathers, and his dress displaying an absurd quantity of brass buttons and other cheap ornaments which was intended to give his majesty an appearance of dignity becoming his station. He took his seat. Then came Tonika, more tastefully appparelled, yet not without some marks of native fancy. She was the personification of beauty and grace.

The bugle sounded, the drums beat, the fifes sent forth their spirit-stirring notes, when the stranger chiefs, followed by their braves, approached the royal presence. The Great Chief arose, and in an oration welcomed the warriors and invited them to take their places in the seats of honor. Suitable replies were made, rather long-winded, as custom required, but courtly.

The eye of Chikagou no sooner fell full upon Tonika and drank in the vision of her superb beauty than drums, trumpets, red cloth, feathers and wampum all vanished in a base unreality. He had heart, soul, eye and ear for nothing but Tonika. There was nothing there but Tonika.

As for Tonika herself, it would be doing her feminine judgment the greatest injustice to deny that she was equally moved by this vision of her beau ideal. When Chikagou ascended the platform she arose, tendered him her hand

and welcomed him in a tone of marvellous sweetness. They were soon lost in each other's conversation.

The next morning found the two lovers profoundly in love with each other. After some few hours of fond talk with Tonika, Chikagou found himself closeted with the Brother of the Sun. Without any finesse Chikagou proposed at once for the hand of the sister princess. The Great Chief was not astonished. How could he be astonished that anybody should be ambitious of so illustrious an alliance. However, he represented to Chikagou that Paatlako had been encouraged to expect the hand of Tonika if, after the winter hunt, he brought in the proper amount of deer and buffalo and the required number of Arkansas scalps.

Chikagou understood all this and proposed to become a competitor. But another difficulty interposed—would Chikagou in that event renounce his tribe and identify himself with the Natchez? Chikagou hesitated—when the Great Chief added, or would Chikagou unite his tribe to that of the Natchez? There was plenty of hunting ground and good rich ground for maize, as well as plenty of fish for both. Besides, this union would strengthen both, and perhaps enable them to drive out the French. Chikagou started at this suggestion. He was a fast friend of the French, but he said nothing. While all this was being related, Chikagou was collecting his thoughts for a suitable reply. At length he said he would see his braves and old men of the nation and return an answer before the council met, at the time of the great hunt.

Chikagou told Tonika that he would return immediately and consult his tribe upon the subject of the proposed removal. This failing, he would come back and carry off Tonika. In his absence they would correspond through the Jesuit missions. It was a long journey for Chikagou, for



his tribe, living in the neighborhood of Lake Michigan, was a good fifteen hundred miles above Natchez. Tonika was troubled by his long absence. She received several short messages from Chikagou but they conveyed no information respecting the time of his return.

Two months elapsed. Then Father du Poisson, a Jesuit missionary, coming to the grant, put into her hand a note from her lover. It informed her that he had not been able to persuade his tribe to move to the south. The old men, indeed, were willing for they began to suffer from the rigor of that climate, but the young men resisted. They stated, and with truth, that the means of living were more abundant and of better quality than could be found upon the lower Mississippi. As for the winters, they furnished them with plenty of fur to trade with the Canadians. Chikagou had, therefore, no alternative but to fall back upon their first plan of elopement. He would be at the appointed place early in the evening of the last day of the moon. Tonika was by no means reluctant. When the night came, she was at the rendezvous. Chikagou was soon by her side, and they set out immediately under cover of the night for the north, for he had left a canoe in charge of two braves about fifteen miles above, towards which he now directed his steps.

It was quite morning before the lovers discovered their attendants. Then they immediately had the canoe launched, and, getting into it, made for a small island lying in the middle of the river. Here they landed, drew up the canoe into the bushes and prepared to pass the day, keeping, however, a good lookout in the meantime. Chikagou had calculated with absolute certainty upon pursuers following him by land. And he was not mistaken, for, when the sun had been about two hours in the sky, one of his braves

came in to inform him that there was a party standing upon the opposite shore.

Remaining quiet, he watched his adversaries with the closest attention. When it was dark he took to the water again, pushed silently over to the opposite shore and suffered the canoe to drift. Relying upon the custom of the Indians never to post sentinels at night, Chikagou suffered his vessel to drift toward the Natchez shore. Here, as soon as he had come nearly opposite the village a party in ambush arose, and with a shout, brought their muskets to a level. Chikagou, fearing for the safety of Tonika, stood up and signified his desire to surrender.

He was conducted at once to the presence of the Great Chief, for the village was still awake under the excitement of plans to attack Fort Rosalie in the morning. The Brother of the Sun reproached the young Michigan in bitter words, and informed him that he must be confined until the morrow and then be given up to be dealt with by the relatives of Paatlako, whom he had killed when he surrendered. That was the custom, and Chikagou knew what it meant. As for Tonika, she said nothing, but her resolution was taken. She would deliver her lover or die with him. She, therefore, marked the place of Chikagou's imprisonment. This was nothing but a large cottonwood tree, to which he was laced with thongs. Chikagou, however, was not dismayed.

It was near day when Tonika appeared, with a knife in her hand. She approached, embraced him, then applied the knife to the leather, and he was free. She told him he must make for the river, where his two men would be found waiting for him.

Chikagou's first impulse on his liberation was to run down to the fort to apprise the French of their danger. In this he was unfortunate. The soldier on guard refused

him admittance, and he was in danger of being shot for his stubbornness. Failing here, he next sought the dwelling of Father Philibert, but Father Philibert had departed a few days before down the river.

It was now broad day, and he turned with a sigh to seek his own safety, leaving the Frenchman to his fate. He had no sooner reached the shore than the firing began. The cries of the poor, struggling victims and the yells of the savages filled the air with their dreadful reverberations. Presently Tonika came flying down the bank. A barge which the two braves had already launched and supplied with provisions and other articles from the bales and boxes at hand received the lovers, and they were soon floating securely down the stream. Meanwhile, the carnage was going on above them. The guns of Fort St. Rosalie sent forth their thunder, the drums beat, but all in vain. The attack had been too well planned, and not a man of the fort remained to tell the tale.

The lovers arrived in New Orleans and were married according to the rites of the Catholic church. They passed the winter in the city, and in the spring returned up the river to Michigan. They both lived to be old, to be respected by the red man and the white man alike, and, dying, left their name to be perpetuated by the flourishing city of Chicago.

## INDIAN CHIEFS





*Shabbona*

In the early history of Chicago there were three Potawatomi chiefs whose names were frequently mentioned because of their friendship for the settlers. They were Shabbona, Sauganash (Billy Caldwell) and Checchepinqua (Alexander Robinson). Shabbona was the only one of the three who was a full-blooded Indian. There is a splendid full length oil painting of him in the Chicago Historical Museum. His biographer, N. Matson, said he had in his possession, either written or printed, seventeen different ways of spelling his name.

Shabbona's father was an Ottawa Indian who had come with the great Pontiac from Michigan after his signal failure to take Detroit in 1766. The boy was born in an Indian village on the Kankakee river about 1776. He early married the daughter of a Potawatomi chief whose village was near the mouth of Fox river, near the present town of Ottawa. Upon the death of this chief he himself became chief of the band. Later the band moved about twelve miles north of the mouth of the Fox to a belt of timber that became known as Shabbona Grove. As a young man Shabbona traveled extensively throughout the west with two French priests and became remarkably well acquainted with that vast region. In his old age he could take a stick, and in the ashes trace a very faithful map of any part of that territory.

When Tecumseh, prior to the War of 1812, was striving to unite the Indian tribes against the Americans, Shabbona was his faithful companion and spent several months with him in the south. In the summer of 1812 Tecumseh sent out runners to inform the various tribes that war had broken out between England and the United States and to urge them to attack Fort Dearborn.



Shabbona had expected to remain at home on the occasion of the attack on Fort Dearborn, but he learned that a large party of warriors from other villages had left for Chicago, so with a few of his braves he also hurried to the scene of the massacre. The awful carnage had taken place before he arrived. The Kinzie family had returned to their home. Black Partridge, Shabbona and a few others stationed themselves before the door to protect their white friends, if possible, against the hordes of blood-thirsty fiends who were hurrying to the scene. They would have failed if Sauganash, too, had not arrived to aid them.

That fall, with twenty-two of his warriors, Shabbona joined Tecumseh and was at his side in the Battle of the Thames, when Tecumseh was slain by Colonel Johnson. Shabbona, Sauganash and Black Hawk were all closely associated under Tecumseh in their warfare against the Americans. But after the conclusion of this war Shabbona and Sauganash made peace with the whites of the country, and ever afterwards remained on terms of closest friendship.

When the Winnebagos, in 1827, took up the tomahawk against the whites they tried to persuade the Potawatomi to join with them. Shabbona, Sauganash and Chechepinqua all used their best efforts to prevent it. Shabbona on his pony rode from Indian village to Indian village to persuade his tribesmen against such an action. Big Foot, whose Potawatomi village was at Lake Geneva, was in an ugly mood, and the small settlement at Fort Dearborn, at this time without a garrison, seemed likely to be attacked by his band of warriors. Shabbona and Sauganash were chosen as messengers to go to the Big Foot village and to learn the true situation.

When they reached the bluff overlooking the village, Sauganash concealed himself, while Shabbona rode in



SHABBONA'S ESCAPE FROM BIG FOOT

alone. The meeting of the two chiefs was not at all friendly, for Big Foot accused Shabbona of being a traitor to his tribe. Shabbona replied that he could not assist the Winnebagos in making war on the whites, as they were so strong that such a war would result in the red man's ruin. Big Foot was so enraged that he attempted to tomahawk Shabbona, but was prevented by his own men. Shabbona was then bound with buckskin thongs and kept as a prisoner in an unoccupied wigwam. At a council of the warriors it was considered unsafe to hold Shabbona as a prisoner lest revenge should be taken on them. The next morning he was set free and given his pony and arms. He started for Fort Dearborn, but Big Foot and four of his braves started after him in pursuit. It was only the

speed of his pony that saved him. Sauganash had overheard what had taken place in the village and, thinking Shabbona doomed, had hurried back to the fort with the report of his death. Shabbona offered to bring his band to Fort Dearborn to protect the settlers from the hostile Winnebagos and their friends, but word was soon received that the uprising had been quelled, and the danger was past.

Shabbona never personally accepted Christianity. He thought the Indian religion was good enough for him, and he was very pious. When Jesse Walker, the Methodist preacher, established a mission in Ottawa, the Indians were rather unfriendly, and he considered abandoning his enterprise as a failure, but one day an Indian walked in—a tall, fine appearing fellow, with a ruffled buckskin hunting shirt and around his head a wreath of eagle feathers. He greeted the preacher with a grasp of the hand and the introduction, “Me, Shabbona.” Shabbona then took the preacher to his own village and to other places, introducing him to friends. The Rev. Adam Payne tried to convert him, but it was useless, though several of the members of his household were converted. He said he could never understand how God could become an infant, a boy, a man, and then permit himself to die ignominiously on the cross.

Until the last few years of his life Shabbona was a bitter foe to liquor and did his best to keep it from his young men. During the summer of 1829 a Yankee trader, by the name of George Whitney, went to Shabbona Grove to trade with the Indians. He had a covered wagon drawn by a span of mules, and one of his articles of trade was a barrel of whiskey. Spike, a half-breed, a jolly, good-natured fellow, was teamster, cook, salesman and interpreter.

Whitney turned his mules out to feed on the prairie, and for several days he did a brisk business, especially in whiskey. He watered the whiskey, but still it was strong enough to make the Indians drunk, noisy and abusive. Shabbona went to Whitney and forbade his selling any more whiskey to his people, but the sales continued. Shabbona became very angry. One morning he went to the trader's tent and told him that if he did not leave the grove that very day he would move him out. As soon as Shabbona left, Whitney asked Spike what the old chief had said. His reply was, "If you are found here at sunset, your scalp will be seen tomorrow morning hanging on the top of yonder high pole."

Whitney turned deathly pale and trembled from head to foot. He ordered Spike to catch the mules and hitch them to the wagon as quickly as possible while he took down the tent and hurridly packed his goods. In a very short time the mules were on a gallop and the old wagon was rattling and creaking on its way across the prairie to Chicago. There is no record that Whitney ever returned to that part of the country.

When Black Hawk and his band recrossed the Mississippi to his old village in Illinois in the spring of 1832, he broke his promise of the preceding year, never to return. Black Hawk believed that if he could get the Ottawa, the Winnebagos and the Potawatomi to join him, he could wage war against the whites for several years and thus could dictate the terms of the treaty. In this way he thought he would be able to save his village and perhaps his hunting grounds. He sent his messengers urging that they attend a council. Shabbona spent two weeks on his pony, riding from village to village and urging his friends to maintain peace with the white men. At the great council at Indiantown the three chiefs—Sauga-





BLACK HAWK

nash, Chechepinqua and Shabbona—opposed the plan of Black Hawk and succeeded in preventing the Potawatomi from joining him. In spite of this Black Hawk persisted in his original plans of staying on his Rock River grounds.

Soldiers and militia were put under the command of General Atkinson. Pursuit of the Black Hawk band began, and they were overtaken by the militia under Major Stillman near Byron, on a creek later known as Stillman's Run. Black Hawk had invited Shabbona and Waubansie to dine with him, hoping to persuade them to cast in their lot with him. He said: "We have always been as brothers; have fought side by side in the British war; we have met in council and at religious feasts; our people are alike and our interest the same." Shabbona, however, refused to take part in the contemplated war and advised Black Hawk to return west of the Mississipi.

The next day Shabbona went to Dixon's ferry to offer his services to Governor Reynolds. Here he was being pretty roughly treated by the rangers, who thought him a spy, until Dixon rescued him and introduced him to the governor.

After Black Hawk put to flight the troops under Major Stillman, his warriors followed the trails through the northwest region, killing and scalping the defenseless settlers. Shabbona sent his son Pypegee in one direction to warn the settlers to flee to the fortified places. His nephew took another direction, and he himself on his black pony rode through Bureau County on his errand of mercy. While he was gone, a large body of Black Hawk's warriors arrived at the village of Shabbona, very angry to learn that he had gone to warn their intended victims.

In 1833 the Potawatomi held their final council with the white men at Chicago and agreed to go west of the Mississippi within three years. In the treaty of 1829



Shabbona was granted a reservation of two sections where he had his village. He also received an annuity of \$200 in the treaty of 1833. These were in recognition of his services in behalf of the government.

The Indian agent, in 1836, notified him that the time had come when his band must leave for the reservation in the west. He and his family might remain, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, but Shabbona didn't want to be separated from his people, and said he would go with them. In September he and his band left their grove, one hundred forty-two persons, with one hundred sixty ponies. Shabbona was sad at the thought of leaving the country where he had spent his infancy, his youth and his manhood. The new reservation was in western Kansas. A band of Sacs and Foxes, however, was located only fifty miles away, and this was Black Hawk's band, led now by Neopope, who had been one of Black Hawk's most trusted advisers in his war against the white man.

While Shabbona, with a small party, was on a buffalo hunt one fall, Neopope raised a war party and followed them. This war party attacked the camp at night and killed Pypeegee and Pyps. The others escaped, but Shabbona, knowing he would be killed if he stayed in Kansas, returned to his former home at Shabbona Grove.

In his youth Shabbona had married the daughter of a Potawatomi chief. A few years later she and her two children died. He then married Miomex Zebequa, who was the mother of several children. Later he married another young woman, and she also became the mother of a large family of children. Pokanoka, the younger squaw, was a woman of great personal attraction, but in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, the two squaws could not live in harmony, so during the later years Pokanoka lived with her people in Kansas. The older

woman was a woman of tremendous bulk. Unable to ride in the seat of a wagon because of her size, she was a familiar figure as she rode about the country seated in the bottom of the wagon box.

It is said that Shabbona used to delight in spending some time in the old Chicago and Northwestern railroad station. When a certain locomotive would pull into the station, he would delight in pointing to it and saying, "Engine—Shabbona—me," thus indicating that this engine had been named after him.

In the spring of 1849 Shabbona and his family went to Kansas for a visit. When they returned more than two years later they found that the government had declared his rights to his reservation at Shabbona Grove forfeited. He was heartbroken, homeless and without means sufficient to support his family. His friends purchased a small tract of land near Seneca, Illinois, and built for him a frame house. He preferred, however, to live in a wigwam, and here he spent the rest of his life, with only the gifts of friends and a government annuity of two hundred dollars to provide for his old age.

Mrs. Bernard, a resident of Chicago and a daughter of Mark Beaubien, said she remembered Shabbona very clearly. At one time, while they were living near Naperville, Shabbona saved her mother and several of the children from hostile Indians by taking them across the river. Her father ever afterward held the old chief in the highest honor. Shabbona often visited him in his later years, and Mark Beaubien would warn the children that under no circumstances were they to make fun of him. She said, however, that it was impossible for them to keep their faces straight at the table, for Shabbona used to take the butter in his hands and would thus spread it

over his bread. Her father always gave Shabbona one of the best rooms in the house in which to sleep. In it was a large four-post bed. Every time when Mark would go in to see if Shabbona was all right he would find him lying on the floor. He would not sleep on the bed.

Shabbona visited the city of Washington on various occasions as the representative of his tribe. On the last of these occasions he was introduced by General Lewis Cass to the President and other prominent men. A large crowd had gathered to see him. General Cass in introducing him to his audience, said, "Shabbona is the greatest red man of the west; he has always been a friend to the whites, and saved many of their lives during the Black Hawk war."

He died in 1859 at the age of 84. During his life he rendered the white people services of incalculable value, and they repaid him largely with neglect and dishonor.

Gurdon S. Hubbard, a good friend of Shabbona, said of him many years after his death: "From my first acquaintance with him, which began in the fall of 1818, to his death, I was impressed with the nobleness of his character. Physically, he was as fine a specimen of a man as I ever saw; tall, well-proportioned, strong and active, with a face expressing great strength of mind and goodness of heart. Had he been favored with the advantages of education, he might have commanded a high position among the men of his day. He was remarkable for his integrity, of a generous and forgiving nature, always hospitable, and until his return from the west, a strictly temperate man, not only himself abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, but influencing his people to do the same. He was ever a friend to the white settlers and should

be held by them and their descendants in grateful remembrance."

*Sauganash*

Sauganash, Billy Caldwell, was a half-breed. His father was an Irish officer in the British army and his mother a handsome and intelligent woman of the Potawatomi. Born about 1780, he was well educated by the Jesuit priests in Canada. Because of his commanding appearance the Indians called him "Straight Tree", but he was better known as Sauganash, a name which meant "The Englishman". He served as secretary to Tecumseh in the war of 1812 until that great chief's death at the battle of the Thames in 1813. His village was on the Kankakee river.

On the evening of August fifteenth, 1812, Sauganash arrived at Fort Dearborn, shortly after the massacre. He saw the men standing in front of the Kinzie cabin, just across the river. When he called across, Black Partridge, who was on guard, wanted to know who he was. Replying "Sauganash", he was told that his friends, the Kinzies, were in danger from hostile Indians, who were even then in the cabin. Sauganash paddled across the river, stalked into the cabin, set his rifle in the corner and greeted the hostile Indians as friends. Inquiring as to what they wanted, he promised that John Kinzie would give them whatever they needed. His aid saved his friends, for the unfriendly Indians soon left, after receiving some white cloth for their wounded comrades.

It was about 1820 that Sauganash came to Chicago to make this his home, and in 1826 he was appointed justice of the peace for Peoria county, to which Chicago then belonged.



SAUGANASH HOTEL

In 1827 Sauganash and Shabbona were sent to the village of Big Foot on Lake Geneva to learn whether Big Foot and his band of Potawatomi were planning to join the Winnebagos in their warfare against the white men.

When Mark Beaubien, the jolly French innkeeper, in 1831 built the large frame addition to his little log cabin hotel, he named it "Sauganash", as he wanted to name it after some great man, and, as he said, he knew no greater man than Sauganash.

In company with Shabbona and Chechepinqua he was able to persuade the Potawatomi, except a few of the younger braves, not to join with Black Hawk in opposition to the Americans.

Just after the Black Hawk war John Watkins was hired to teach school on the west side. After the first quarter Mr. Watkins moved his school to the double log house of "Father" Jesse Walker, close to the west bank of the South Branch near the forks of the river. Sauganash offered to pay the tuition of all Indian children who would attend this school dressed as white children, but none would accept on that condition.

In the treaty of 1829, following the Winnebago uprising, Sauganash was given a reservation of two and half sections on the Chicago river above and adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816, which was known as the Indian Boundary road. In the treaty of 1833 Sauganash was granted an annuity of \$400 and his children also received an annuity of \$600. In addition he was given outright the sum of \$10,000. The first frame house in Chicago was built for Sauganash by the United States government on Cass street, now Wabash, a little south of Chicago avenue, on land now owned and occupied by the Holy Name Cathedral.

When, in 1835, the tribe left this region for its new reservation west of the Mississippi, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1833, he went with his tribesmen and there spent his last days.

The year 1840 was the time for the election of a president. William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate. Many stories were printed in the opposition papers, ridiculing him and even accusing him of cowardice at the battle of the Thames in 1813. At the time of the campaign Sauganash was living with his tribe at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Shabbona was also there on a visit. They were both enraged at these attacks on General Harrison and sent a joint letter for publication in the newspapers. They said in part:





TREATY ELM — INDIAN BOUNDARY ROAD

“The first time we got acquainted with General Harrison it was at the Council Fire of the late “Old Tempest”, General Wayne, on the headwaters of the Wabash, at Greenville, 1795. From that time until 1811 we had many friendly smokes with him, but from 1812 we changed our tobacco smoke into powder smoke. Then we found General Harrison was a brave warrior and humane to his prisoners, as reported to us by two of

Tecumseh's young men who were taken in the fleet with Captain Barclay on the 10th of September, 1813, and on the Thames, where he routed both the red men and the British and where he showed his courage and his humanity to his prisoners, both white and red."

The death of Sauganash occurred the next year, September 28, 1841, at Council Bluffs, in his sixtieth year. For years he had been a chief of the United Nation of Ottawa, Potawatomi and Chippewa Indians.

### *Chechepinqua*

At the edge of the forest preserve, just north of Lawrence avenue and east of the Des Plaines river, is a little cemetery dedicated to the Robinson family. The stone at the right marks the grave of Alexander Robinson, Chechepinqua, one of the three best friends of the white people among the Indians. At the left is that of his wife Catherine. Other graves mark the resting places of their children.

Robinson, or Chechepinqua, was a half-breed. His father was Scotch, an officer in the British army. His mother was an Indian of either the Ottawa or Potawatomi nation, but with a mixture of French in her blood.

The young Alexander was born at Mackinac, where his father was then stationed. Almost nothing is known of his early life, but he must have become accustomed to fur trading in his younger days as he was identified with the fur trade of early Chicago. Before he left Mackinac he married a pretty Indian maiden of pure blood. He soon discarded this early wife, however, because on going to St. Joseph, Michigan, he found he had an opportunity to marry the daughter of the chief of the tribe and of thus becoming the successor of the old chief



GRAVE OF CHECHEPINQUA

on his death. The first wife did not tamely submit to this divorce, but continued to scold and to demand assistance until her death.

Chechepinqua came to Fort Dearborn in 1806 and made his home in Chicago until he moved onto his reservation along the Des Plaines river in 1836. He was absent in St. Joseph at the time of the massacre of 1812. When he learned of the intended massacre he hurried back to

warn the garrison and other white people of their danger. He was too late, as he arrived while the fight was in progress. Hurrying onto the battle field, he helped Captain Heald away from the scene, put the captain and his wife into a birch bark canoe and paddled them across the lake to St. Joseph, then later took them to Mackinac, three hundred miles to the north, where he turned them over to the British as prisoners of war.

With the French trader, Antoine Ouilmette, he planted the reservation south of the fort with corn, which he sold to the soldiers when they returned in 1816 to rebuild Fort Dearborn. As he could speak both Potawatomi and English he often acted as interpreter in the years that followed. In 1830 he received a license to keep a hotel. Most of this time he lived in a cabin close to the west bank of the South Branch just south of Lake street. His trading post was usually lively with Indians.

During the Black Hawk war he was one of the chiefs who argued the younger warriors out of the notion of joining the warlike band of Sacs under Black Hawk. By the terms of the treaty of 1833 he received an annuity of \$300 for himself and \$400 for his children, in addition to an outright gift of \$10,000 cash for himself. When his tribe was removed west of the Mississippi he chose to remain behind. He then moved unto the reservation of 1,280 acres, which had been given him in the treaty of Prairie du Chien, in 1829. Here he spent the rest of his days.

The people of his tribe began to be jealous of their chief after he received his reservation in this treaty of 1829. They thought he was inclined to turn his back upon them, so they demanded in 1835 that he lead them to their new possessions west of the Mississippi. To appease them he accompanied them in an old buggy as far



as St. Louis. There he managed to slip away from them and came back to his reservation, leaving Sauganash in command of the tribe.

After the fire of 1871, as he looked at the ruins from the Lake street bridge, he gave a lusty whoop and exclaimed that once more he saw the prairie there as in the days of his prime. He died April 22, 1873, at the age of 110 years, as nearly as could be estimated, for Chechepinqua himself never knew the date of his birth. Only two days before his death he was out on his farm giving directions about the work.

He was small of stature and with a small head, but he was fearless and resolute, with intelligence also. The inheritance from his father enabled him to keep supremacy over his native tribesmen.

### *Leopold Pokagon*

Leopold Pokagon was a civil chief among the Potawatomi. Born a Chippewa, he had been captured and presented as a slave to Topenebe. Gaining the reputation of being stern, courageous and brave, he was adopted into the Potawatomi tribe, and married a daughter of Topebe's brother.

During his lifetime he often told the story of the Fort Dearborn massacre to his son Simon, who in turn gave his father's version to the public through Harper's Magazine in 1899.

Leopold Pokagon, chief of the Pokagon band, did not know of the war spirit among the warriors of the tribe around Fort Dearborn until twenty-four hours before the time set for the evacuation of the fort. He was then at his summer home in Michigan, a hundred miles away. He thought if he were only here he might prevent the conflict



which he felt could only end in evil to his people. With Topenebe and Sawawh he started on horseback with all speed to ride around the head of Lake Michigan. They reached the fort just before the battle, too late to prevent it. After the fight they joined in counsel with the others as to what should be done with the captives. There was great indignation against Captain Heald because he had destroyed the firearms and whiskey instead of turning them over, as he had promised. Death was decreed for the captain unless he should die of his wounds during the night.

In the midst of the powwow Pokagon and his two friends stole the wounded officer, carried him down to the water, and rowed him across the lake to the St. Joseph river, then up the river to the Pokagon village. Here, in Pokagon's own wigwam, Heald was cared for until his wounds were nearly healed. But a messenger came with the report that Winnebago warriors were coming to retake the prisoners, so Heald and the other prisoners were put in canoes and taken to Mackinac Island, where they were turned over to the British.

Pokagon always declared that if there had never been any firewater, there would have been no Fort Dearborn massacre. He died July 8, 1841, at the age of sixty-six. His son Simon then became chief of the band, the last hereditary chief of the Potawatomi. In later years Simon often recalled that his father in signing one of the treaties had sold the Indians' rights in Chicago at three cents an acre.

### *Simon Pokagon*

Simon Pokagon was born in the spring of 1830 and spent his early years in the old Pokagon village in fishing and hunting. Until he was twelve he knew only the Indian

language, but then he became eager for an English education. He studied at Notre Dame, at Oberlin and Twinsburg. He became known as the best educated and most distinguished full-blooded Indian in America.

Simon Pokagon was the first red man to visit President Lincoln after his inauguration. He appealed to Lincoln for the payment of the amount of money due his people from the sale of Chicago and the surrounding country by his father to the United States. During 1866 he succeeded in getting a partial payment of \$39,000. The balance due of \$150,000 was finally allowed by the United States Supreme Court, but was not paid until the fall of 1896.

From the time the World's Columbian Exposition was first talked about Pokagon had a great desire that the educated people of his race might participate so as to show to the world what they had accomplished in civilization. He was disappointed. He was present at the dedication of the Exposition, when President Cleveland pressed the electric button that started the machinery. He felt that strangers from every land were represented here, but that he and his race, the only true Americans, were overlooked.

Just then a little Indian girl handed him some wild flowers. This simple act inspired him to write "The Red Man's Greeting," which was highly complimented both here and in Europe for its wild imagery and native eloquence. Printed on white birch bark this little booklet was sold in the Indian village on the Midway.

In addressing a group of women during the Exposition, he said: "I rejoice that you are making an effort at last to have the educated people of my race take part in the great celebration. That will be much better for the good of our people, in the hearts of the dominant race, than war whoops and battle dances such as I today witnessed on the Midway Plaisance."

Pokagon was invited to be present as honored guest at the Exposition on Chicago Day. For two weeks the newspapers spoke of his expected presence. Accompanied by Mayor Harrison and others, Pokagon took his place before the new Liberty Bell, holding in his hand a parchment duplicate of the original deed by which his father, sixty years before, had conveyed Chicago and the Fair grounds to the United States. He rang this new Liberty Bell for the first time, then addressed the vast crowd. The theme of his address was, "The red man is your brother, and God is the father of all."

His death occurred January 28, 1899, at his cheerless cabin home in a desolate region of southern Michigan after many weeks of intense suffering.

## RECENT EVENTS

At various times Indians have been in Chicago with medicine shows, advertising their Kickapoo Indian remedies, or other equally valuable cures. Indians, too, have helped entertain vast crowds as they attacked stage coaches in Buffalo Bill's show or the show of Pawnee Bill. But these appearances can scarcely be dignified as matters of history.

On two historic occasions, however, Indians did participate. First was the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, the second was the Centennial of 1903.

### *Columbian Exposition*

Upon the Midway Plaisance in 1893 was an American Indian village, including Potawatomi, Winnebagos, Chipewas and Sioux. Wigwams stood about the village, and visitors saw the weaving of blankets and the playing of games, as well as their war dances. There were many mementoes of the last fight of General Custer against Sitting Bull, and Indian trinkets were sold as souvenirs.

The Official Guide called attention to the Potawatomi and Winnebagos as having a peculiar interest to visitors, as they represented the tribes which less than a hundred years previously had been in possession of the land where Chicago then stood.

Chief Simon Pokagon was disappointed in his hope that there might be some phase of the Exposition to show the progress made through the years by the Indians who had adopted civilization. He was present at the dedication of the Exposition, and by the "Red Man's Greeting," which he published, attracted much attention. On Chicago Day he was the chief attraction and addressed a vast crowd. He had scarcely arrived back home when he received an invitation from Mayor Harrison to be present a few days





WIGWAM IN LINCOLN PARK

later at the closing event. He came at the specified time, but was greatly saddened to learn that his friend, the Mayor, had been assassinated the evening before.

### *Centennial*

The Centennial of the building of Fort Dearborn was celebrated September 26 to October 2, 1903, with Indian dances, dedication of tablets, red fire on street corners, a parade and fireworks. The reconstruction of Fort Dearborn was started on the eighteenth of September near the south end of Lincoln Park. Near by the Indians established their village. They proved the great attraction of the celebration.



BLOCK HOUSE IN LINCOLN PARK

Sacs and Foxes came from Iowa. Potawatomi, led by Charles Pokagon, son of former Chief Simon Pokagon, came from their Michigan reservation. Besides, there were Winnebagos, Chippewas and Menominees. Altogether six tribes were represented. The Chippewa braves were led by their chief, who, for this occasion was called "Chief Chicag." He was a direct descendant of the celebrated Chief Chikagou, for whom the city was said to have been named. John Shabbona, a grandson of Shabbona, was one of the Potawatomi present.

On the morning of September 26 these Indians paddled their canoes down the park lagoon, then marched in single file to the site of their village, the braves striding ahead, and the squaws following, carrying the canoes and other materials for the building of the tepees.

On Sunday afternoon thousands of spectators crowded about the Indian village to watch the dances. When the spectators became impatient at the delay, the chiefs explained by saying, "Indian dance when spirit move." The spirit finally moved, and a hundred of the braves joined in the war dance. A reporter has given this picture of the occasion: "At a shrill cry from Chief Oshkosh of the Menominees they leaped up and began circling about with the quick bizarre step of savage dancing. Now they were crouching, now springing, now running, but all the time keeping time to the staccato music with contortions of the body and fantastic movements of the arms and legs.

"Faster and faster grew the chant, faster and faster the jerky dance, until in an access of excitement attended by a great outburst of shrieks, the music suddenly stopped, and the dancers dropped into their squatting postures about the musicians."

This was the last event of importance in Chicago in which numbers of Indians have participated.

INDIAN COUNCIL FIRE

The Grand Council Fire of American Indians was organized in Chicago in 1923. In 1932 the name was changed to The Indian Council Fire. It continues active. Miss Marion Gridley is secretary, with her desk in room 611, 30 West Washington street. Miss Gridley and her mother are the only remaining charter members.

The purpose of the Council Fire has been: "To promote the advancement and protection of Indian rights and welfare; to assist the Indian in time of distress; to encourage the Indian in all educational and artistic pursuits; to strengthen and maintain the Indian character, and to cultivate friendlier relations between the Indian and white races."

Members of both races belong to the Council Fire, about a hundred altogether. In the city are approximately four hundred Indians of various tribes, following various pursuits. On the first Sunday afternoon of each month, except during the summer, the Council Fire holds a program in the Hamilton Hotel, which is open to visitors for an admittance fee of twenty-five cents.

The presidents have all been of Indian blood: Frank M. Cayou (Omaha) 1923-1925; Scott E. Peters (Chippewa) 1925-1934; William P. Wilkerson (Cherokee) 1934-1937; Horace E. Wilkes (Choctaw) 1937-1939; Robert Whirling Thunder (Winnebago) 1939-1942; Peter Powles (Oneida) 1942-1944.

The Council Fire had an exhibit at the Century of Progress in 1934 that portrayed Indian achievement and that attracted visitors from all over the world. Resulting from this was the publication of "Indians of Today," biographies of Indians who have attained prominence in the professions. For this book former Vice President Charles Curtis, himself of Indian blood, wrote the foreword.



Indian Day is being promoted for the fourth Friday in September. A bill establishing this for national observance is pending in the House judiciary committee. The Indian Day council fires at the Century of Progress were lighted from the star Arcturus.

Through the efforts of the Council Fire the cemetery of Chief Alexander Robinson, on East River road near Lawrence avenue, was restored and protected. It is hoped that this spot may become an Illinois historic shrine.

Much has been done to help individuals and to promote national movements. Much still remains in the land of dreams—to be completed in the future.

## REMINDERS

*Collections*

For books and manuscripts on Indians there is no better place in Chicago than the Edward E. Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library. Mr. Ayer, who became a prominent lumber man, was interested in early pioneer life, especially in the contacts between the Indians and the white men. As he continued to add to his private collection of books and manuscripts, it outgrew the limits of his home, so in 1911 he placed them for safekeeping in the Newberry Library, of which he was a trustee. Later he presented them to the library and provided an endowment fund with which to add still further to his gift. In this collection may be found the birchbark booklets written by Chief Simon Pokagon, to which reference has been made earlier.

The best collection of Indian objects is to be found in the Museum of Natural History (Field Museum). Through the aid of an endowment by Julius and Augusta Rosenwald, Mr. M. G. Chandler, who had been adopted into the Potawatomi tribe, was able in 1924 to visit the Central Algonkian tribes of the Chicago area. From them he secured several hundred valuable objects, including medicine bags and a conjurer's outfit. On the Kansas reservation of the Potawatomi Mr. Chandler was entertained by the grandson of Shabbona. Many of the articles thus obtained are on exhibit on the first floor of the museum.

An interesting collection of Indian curios is grouped about a wigwam on the ground floor of the Chicago Historical Museum. In the background is a birchbark canoe, also a dugout. This exhibit is not intended to be of local objects, but the objects are similar to those that have been found here. In addition there is the Massacre Monument, formerly at 18th and Prairie; the Waubensee boulder, which formerly stood within Fort Dearborn,

showing by the depression on the top that it had once been a mill in which Indians had ground their corn, and bearing on one side the crude resemblance to Chief Waubensee; a full length oil painting of Shabbona; the peace medal returned to Captain Heald by Black Partridge just prior to the massacre; and reliefs and paintings of various prominent Indians.

### *Monuments and Markers*

In the Checchepinqua forest preserve is a little cemetery in which is the grave of Alexander Robinson, or Checchepinqua. Neglected for many years, this cemetery was restored and protected through the influence of the Indian Council Fire.

On Rogers avenue, west of Crawford, there stood until recent years the historic Treaty Elm. It marked the southern boundary of the Sauganash reservation and was a clearly defined trail marker. As a sapling it had been bent down and its top fastened to the ground so as to point toward the village of Big Foot on Lake Geneva. Though it later broke loose from its fastenings it kept the peculiar shape of a trail marker.

Another trail marker now rests in Davis Park, Evanston. Its trunk is horizontal, with several large limbs extending vertically from it. This tree formerly stood near Calvary cemetery and pointed toward Bowmanville, an important Indian village of the early days.

Close to the interurban, on the Cook-Lake county line, was another well defined trail marker. It is gone now, but a granite boulder several rods to the east, along the highway, has a bronze plate giving a faithful reproduction of the tree.

The trunk of the "Pottowatomi Tree" stood alone for many years in a field west of Wilmette. It now stands,



EVANSTON HOSPITAL MARKER

just a trunk, in the back yard of a florist on Central avenue, Evanston, and this trunk, burned hollow many years ago, serves as a dog kennel. Tradition says that Black Hawk and two hundred of his warriors once danced about this tree.

On a granite boulder on the lawn of the Evanston Hospital is a bronze tablet marking the site of a former village, a chipping station, where some of the skilled old men chipped arrow heads and spear heads from the flint that had been brought from a distance.

In Lincoln Park, near the animal house, is "The Alarm," a statue presented by Martin Ryerson, representing a brave, his squaw, his papoose and his dog on watch against enemies. About the base of the pedestal are four



plaques showing a scene in the forest, a wigwam, the corn dance, and a council.

Close to the lake is another statue known as "The Signal of Peace," the mounted Indian by the upright holding of his spear indicating his desire for peace. This statue was designed by C. E. Dallin and was presented to the public on June 9, 1894, by Lambert Tree.

The two mounted Indian warriors guarding the Congress street entrance to Grant Park were designed by Ivan Mestrovic and provided for the city through the Ferguson Fund. They were unveiled in October 1929.

Another statue representing the assistance given by the Illinois Indians to Joliet and Marquette is that on Marshall and Twenty-fourth street boulevards.

All of these reminders recall to us the words of Chief Pokagon, "The red man is your brother, and God is the father of all."



MOUNTED INDIAN — GRANT PARK

THE RED MAN'S GREETING

By *Chief Pokagon* (1893)

To the memory of William Penn, Roger Williams, the late lamented Helen Hunt Jackson, and many others now in Heaven, who conceived that noble spirit of justice which recognizes the Brotherhood of the Red Man, and to Emma C. Sickels and all others now living defenders of our race, I most gratefully dedicate this tribute of the forest.

CHIEF POKAGON.

By the author

My object in publishing the "Red Man's Greeting" on the bark of the white birch tree is out of loyalty to my own people, and gratitude to the Great Spirit, who in his wisdom provided for our use for untold generations this most remarkable tree with manifold bark used by us instead of paper, being of greater value to us as it could not be injured by sun or water.

Out of the bark of this wonderful tree were made hats, caps and dishes for domestic use, while our maidens tied with it the knot that sealed their marriage vow; wigwams were made of it, as well as large canoes that outrode the violent storms on lake and sea; it was also used for light and fuel at our war councils and spirit dances. Originally the shores of our northern lakes and streams were fringed with it and evergreen, and the white charmingly contrasted with the green mirrored from the water was indeed beautiful, but like the red man this tree is vanishing from our forests.

"Alas for us; our day is o'er,  
Our fires are out from shore to shore;  
No more for us the wild deer bounds,  
The plow is on our hunting grounds,  
The pale man's ax rings through our woods,  
The pale man's sail skims o'er our floods;

Our pleasant springs are dry.  
Our children—look by power oppressed  
Beyond the mountains of the west—  
Our children go—to die.”

*The Red Man's Greeting*

By *Simon Pokagon*, Pottawattamie Chief

“Shall not one line lament our forest race,  
For you struck out from wild creation's face?  
Freedom—the selfsame freedom you adore,  
Bade us defend our violated shore.”

In behalf of my people, the American Indians, I hereby declare to you, the pale-faced race that has usurped our lands and homes, that we have no spirit to celebrate with you the great Columbian Fair now being held in this Chicago city, the wonder of the world.

No: sooner would we hold high joy-day over the graves of our departed fathers than to celebrate our own funeral, the discovery of America. And while you, who are strangers, and you who live here, bring the offerings of the handiwork of your lands, and your hearts in admiration rejoice over the beauty and grandeur of this young republic, and you say, “Behold the wonders wrought by our children in this foreign land,” do not forget that this success has been at the sacrifice of *our* homes and a once happy race.

Where these great Columbian show-buildings stretch skyward, and where stands this “Queen City of the West,” *once* stood the red man's wigwam; here met their old men, young men, and maidens; here blazed their council fires. But now the eagle's eye can find no trace of them. Here

was the center of their wide-spread hunting grounds; stretching far eastward, and to the great salt Gulf southward, and to the lofty Rocky Mountain chain westward; and all about and beyond the Great Lakes northward roamed vast herds of buffalo that no man could number, while moose, deer and elk were found from ocean to ocean; pigeons, ducks, and geese in near bow-shot moved in great clouds through the air, while fish swarmed our streams, lakes and seas close to shore. All were provided by the Great Spirit for our use; we destroyed none except for food and dress; had plenty and were contented and happy.

But alas! the pale-faces came by chance to our shores, many times very needy and hungry. We nursed and fed them,—fed the ravens that were soon to pluck out our eyes, and the eyes of our children; for no sooner had the news reached the Old World that a new continent had been found, peopled with another race of men, than, locust like, they swarmed on all our coasts: and, like the carrion crows in spring, that in circles wheel and clamor long and loud, and will not cease until they find and feast upon the dead, so these strangers from the East long circuits made, and turkey-like they gobbled in our ears, “Give us gold, give us gold.” “Where find you gold? Where find you gold?”

We gave for promises and “gewgaws” all the gold we had, and showed them where to dig for more; to repay us, they robbed our homes of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters; some were forced across the sea for slaves in Spain, while multitudes were dragged into the mines to dig for gold, and held in slavery there until all who escaped not, died under the lash of the cruel taskmaster. It finally passed into their history that “the red man of the West, unlike the black man of the East, will die before he’ll be a slave.” Our hearts were crushed by such base ingratitude; and, as the United States has now decreed, “No



Chinaman shall land upon our shores," so we then felt that no such barbarians as they, should land on ours.

In those days that tried our fathers' souls, tradition says: "A crippled gray-haired sire told his tribe that in the visions of the night he was lifted high above the earth, and in great wonder beheld a great spiderweb spread out over the land from Atlantic Ocean toward the setting sun. Its network was made of rods of iron; along its lines in all directions rushed monstrous spiders, greater in strength, and larger far than any beast of earth, clad in brass and iron, dragging after them long rows of wigwams with families therein, outstripping in their course the flight of birds that fled before them. Hissing from their nostrils came forth fire and smoke, striking terror to both fowl and beast. The red men hid themselves in fear, or fled away, while the white men trained these monsters for the war-path, as warriors for battle."

The old man who saw the vision claimed it meant that the Indian race would surely pass away before the pale-faced strangers. He died a martyr to his belief. Centuries have passed since that time, and we now behold in the vision as in a mirror, the present network of railroads, and the monstrous engines with their fire, smoke and hissing steam, with cars attached, as they go sweeping through the land.

The cyclone of civilization rolled westward; the forests of untold centuries were swept away; streams dried up; lakes fell back from their ancient bounds; and all our fathers once loved to gaze upon was destroyed, defaced, or marred, except the sun, moon and starry skies above, which the Great Spirit in his wisdom hung beyond their reach.

Still on the storm cloud rolled, while before its lightning and thunder the beasts of the field and the fowls of

the air withered like grass before the flame—were shot for love of power to kill alone, and left, the spoil upon the plains. Their bleaching bones, now scattered far and near, in shame declare the wanton cruelty of pale-faced men. The storm, unsatisfied on land, swept our lakes and streams, while before its clouds of hooks, nets and glistening spears the fish vanished from our shores like the morning dew before the rising sun. Thus our inheritance was cut off, and we were driven and scattered as sheep before the wolves.

Nor was this all. They brought among us fatal diseases our fathers knew not of; our medicine men tried in vain to check the deadly plague; but they themselves died, and our people fell as fall the leaves before the autumn's blast. To be just, we must acknowledge there were some good men with these strangers who gave their lives for ours, and in great kindness taught us the revealed will of the Great Spirit through his Son Jesus, the mediator between God and man. But while we were being taught to love the Lord our God with all our heart, mind and strength, and our neighbors as ourselves, and our children were taught to lisp, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," bad men of the same race, whom we thought of the same belief, shocked our faith in the revealed will of the Father, and as they came among us with bitter oaths upon their lips, something we had never heard before, and cups of "fire-water" in their hands, something we had never seen before, they pressed the sparkling glasses to our lips and said, "Drink, and you will be happy." We drank thereof, we and our children, but alas! like the serpent that charms to kill, the drink-habit coiled about the heart-strings of its victims, shocking unto death, friendship, love, honor, manhood—all that makes men good and noble;

crushing out all ambition, and leaving naught but a culprit vagabond in the place of a man.

Now, as we have been taught to believe that our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit and fell, so we as fully believe that this fire-water is the hard cider of the white man's devil, made from the fruit of that tree that brought death into the world, and all our woes. The arrow, the scalping knife, the tomahawk used on the warpath were *merciful* compared with it; *they* were used in our defense, but the accursed drink came like a serpent in the form of a dove. Many of our people partook of it without mistrust, as children pluck the flowers and clutch a scorpion in their grasp; only when they feel the sting, they let the flowers fall. But Nature's children had no such power; for when the viper's fangs they felt, they only hugged the reptile the more closely to their breasts, while friends before them stood pleading with prayers and tears that they would let the deadly serpent drop. But all in vain. Although they promised so to do, yet with laughing grin and steps uncertain like the fool, they still more frequently guzzled down this hellish drug. Finally, conscience ceased to give alarm, and, led by deep despair to life's last brink, and goaded by demons on every side, they cursed themselves, they cursed their friends, they cursed their beggar babes and wives, they cursed their God, and died.

You say of us that we are treacherous, vindictive, and cruel; in answer to the charge we declare to all the world with our hands uplifted before high Heaven that before the white man came among us, we were kind, outspoken, and forgiving. Our real character has been misunderstood because we have resented the breaking of treaties made with the United States, as we honestly understood them. The few of our children who are permitted to attend your schools, in great pride tell us what they read in your own

histories, how William Penn, a Quaker and a good man, made treaties with nineteen tribes of Indians, and that neither he nor they ever broke them; and further, that during seventy years, while Pennsylvania was controlled by the Quakers, not a drop of blood was shed nor a war-whoop sounded by our people. Your own historians, and our traditions, show that for nearly two hundred years different Eastern powers were striving for the mastery in the new world, and that our people were persuaded by the different factions to take the war-path, being generally led by white men who had been discharged from prisons for crimes committed in the Old World.

Read the following, left on record by Peter Martyr, who visited our forefathers in the days of Columbus.

“It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that ‘mine and thine,’ the seed of all misery, have no place with them. They are content with so little that in so large a country they have rather a superfluity than a scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world without toil, living in open gardens not intrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly with one another, without laws, without books, without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another, and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provision for the increase of such roots whereof they make bread, content with such simple diet whereof health is preserved, and disease avoided.”

Your own histories show that Columbus on his first visit to our shores, in a message to the king and queen of Spain, paid our forefathers this beautiful tribute:

“They are loving, uncovetous people; so docile in all things that I swear to your majesty there is not in the world

a better race or a more delightful country. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their talk is ever sweet and gentle, accompanied with smiles; and though they be naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

But a few years passed away, and your historians left to be perused with shame, the following facts:

"On the islands of the Atlantic coast and in the populous empires of Mexico and Peru, the Spaniards, through pretense of friendship and religion, gained audience with chiefs and kings, their families and attendants. They were received with great kindness and courtesy, but in return they most treacherously seized and bound in chains the unsuspecting natives; and as a ransom for their release, demanded large sums of gold which were soon given by their subjects. But instead of granting them freedom as promised, they were put to death in a most shocking manner. Their subjects were then hunted down like wild beasts, with blood-hounds, robbed and enslaved; while under pretext to convert them to Christianity, the rack, the scourge and the fagot were used. Some were burned alive in their thickets and fastnesses for refusing to work the mines as slaves."

Tradition says that these acts of base ingratitude were communicated from tribe to tribe throughout the continent, and that a universal wail as one voice went up from all the tribes of the unbroken wilderness:

"We must beat back these strangers from our shores before they seize our lands and homes, or slavery and death are ours."

Reader, pause here, close your eyes, shut out from your heart all prejudice against our race, and honestly consider the above records penned by the pale-faced historians centuries ago; and tell us in the name of eternal truth, and by all that is sacred and dear to mankind, was there ever

a people without the slightest reason of offense, more treacherously imprisoned and scourged than we have been? And tell us, have crime, despotism, violence, and slavery ever been dealt out in a more wicked manner to crush out life and liberty; or was ever a people more mortally offended than our forefathers were?

Almighty Spirit of Humanity, let thy arms of compassion embrace and shield us from the charge of treachery, vindictiveness and cruelty, and save us from further oppression! And may the great chief of the United States appoint no more broken-down or disappointed politicians as agents to deal with us, but may he select good men that are tried and true, men who fear not to do the right. This is our prayer. What would remain for us if we were not allowed to pray? All else we acknowledge to be in the hands of this great republic.

It is clear that for years after the discovery of this country, we stood before the coming strangers as a block of marble before the sculptor, ready to be shaped into a statue of grace and beauty; but in their greed for gold, the block was hacked to pieces and destroyed. Childlike we trusted in them with all our hearts; and as the young nestling while yet blind swallows each morsel given by the parent bird, so we drank in all they said. They showed us the compass that guided them across the trackless deep, and as its needle swung to and fro, only resting to the north, we looked upon it as a thing of life from the eternal world. We could not understand the lightning and thunder of their guns, believing they were weapons of the Gods; nor could we fathom their wisdom in knowing or telling us the exact time in which the sun or moon should be darkened; hence we looked upon them as divine; we revered them—yes, we trusted them as infants trust in the arms of their mothers.



But again and again was our confidence betrayed, until we were compelled to know that greed for gold was all the balance-wheel they had. The remnant of the beasts are now wild and keep beyond the arrow's reach, the fowls fly high in air, the fish hide themselves in deep waters. We have been driven from the homes of our childhood and from the burial places of our kindred and friends, and scattered far westward into desert places, where multitudes have died from home-sickness, cold and hunger, and are suffering and dying still for want of food and blankets.

As the hunted deer, when night comes on, weary and tired, lies down to rest, mourning for companions of the morning herd, all scattered, dead and gone, so we through weary years have tried to find some place to safely rest. But all in vain! Our throbbing hearts unceasing say, "The hounds are howling on our tracks." Our sad history has been told by weeping parents to their children from generation to generation; and as the fear of the fox in the duckling is hatched, so the wrongs we have suffered are transmitted to our children, and they look upon the white man with distrust as soon as they are born. Hence our worst acts of cruelty should be viewed by all the world with Christian charity, as being but the echo of bad treatment dealt out to us.

Therefore we pray our critics everywhere to be not like the thoughtless boy who condemns the toiling bees wherever found as vindictive and cruel, because in robbing their homes he once received the poisoned darts that nature gave for their defense. Our strongest defense against the onward marching hordes, we fully realize is as useless as the struggles of a lamb borne in air, pierced to its heart, in the talons of an eagle.

We never shall be happy here any more; we gaze into the faces of our little ones, for smiles of infancy to please,

and into the faces of our young men and maidens, for joys of youth to cheer advancing age, but alas! instead of smiles of joy we find but looks of sadness there. Then we fully realize in the anguish of our souls that their young and tender hearts, in keenest sympathy with ours, have drank in the sorrows we have felt, and their sad faces reflect it back to us again.

No rainbow of promise spans the dark cloud of our afflictions; no cheering hopes are painted on our midnight sky. We only stand with folded arms and watch and wait to see the future deal with us no better than the past. No cheer of sympathy is given us; but in answer to our complaints we are told the triumphal march of the Eastern race westward is by the unalterable decree of nature termed by them "the survival of the fittest." And so we stand as upon the seashore, chained hand and foot, while the incoming tide of the great ocean of civilization rises slowly but surely to overwhelm us.

But a few more generations and the last child of the forest will have passed into the world beyond—into that kingdom where Tche-ban-gou-booz, the Great Spirit, dwelleth, who loveth justice and mercy, and hateth evil; who has declared the "fittest" in his kingdom shall be those alone that hear and aid his children when they cry, and that love him and keep his commandments. In that kingdom many of our people in faith believe he will summon the pale-faced spirits to take position on his left and the red spirits upon his right, and that he will say, "Sons and daughters of the forest, your prayers for deliverance from the iron heel of oppression through centuries past are recorded in this book now open before me, made from the bark of the white birch, a tree under which for generations past you have mourned and wept. On its pages silently has been recorded your sad history. It

has touched my heart with pity, and I will have compassion."

Then, turning to the left, he will say, "Sons and daughters of the East, all hear and give heed unto my words. While on earth I did great and marvelous things for you—I gave you my only Son, who declared unto you my will, and as you had freely received, to so freely give, and declare the gospel unto all people. A few of you have kept the faith and through opposition and great tribulation have labored hard and honestly for the redemption of mankind regardless of race or color. To all such I now give divine power to fly on lightning wings throughout my universe. Now therefore listen; and when the great drum beats, let all try their powers to fly. Only those can rise who acted well their part on earth to redeem and save the fallen."

The drum will be sounded, and that innumerable multitude will appear like some vast sea of wounded birds struggling to rise. We shall behold it, and shall hear their fluttering as the rumbling of an earthquake, and to our surprise shall see but a scattering few in triumph rise, and hear their songs re-echo through the vault of heaven as they sing, "Glory to the highest who hath redeemed and saved us."

Then the great Spirit will speak with a voice of thunder to the remaining shame-faced multitude: "Hear ye: it is through great mercy that you have been permitted to enter these happy hunting grounds. Therefore, I charge you in presence of these red men that you are guilty of having tyrannized over them in many and strange ways. I find you guilty of having made wanton wholesale butchery of their game and fish, I find you guilty of using tobacco, a poisonous weed made only to kill parasites on plants and lice on man and beast. You found it with the red

men, who used it only in smoking the pipe of peace, to confirm their contracts, in place of a seal. But you multiplied its use, not only in smoking, but in chewing, snuffing, thus forming unhealthy, filthy habits, and by cigarettes, the abomination of abominations, learned little children to hunger and thirst after the father and mother of palsy and cancers.

"I find you guilty of tagging after the pay agents sent out by the great chief of the United States, among the Indians, to pay off their birth-right claims to home, and liberty and native lands, and then sneaking about their agencies by deceit and trickery, cheating and robbing them of their money and goods, thus leaving them poor and naked. I also find you guilty of following the trail of Christian missionaries into the wilderness among the natives, and when they had set up my altars, and the great work of redemption had just begun, and some in faith believed, you then and there stuck out your sign, Sample Rooms. You then dealt to the sons of the forest a most damnable drug, fitly termed on earth by Christian women, 'a beverage of hell', which destroyed both body and soul, taking therefore all their money and blankets, and scrupling not to take in pawn the Bibles given them by my servants.

"Therefore, know ye, this much—Neither shall you with gatling gun or otherwise disturb or break up their prayer meetings in camp any more. Neither shall you practice with weapons of lightning and thunder any more. Neither shall you use tobacco in any shape, way, or manner. Neither shall you touch, taste, handle, make, buy, or sell anything that can intoxicate any more. And, know ye, ye cannot buy out the law or skulk by justice here; and if any attempt is made on your part to break these commandments, I shall forthwith grant these red

men of America great power, and delegate them to cast you out of Paradise, and hurl you headlong through its outer gates into the endless abyss beneath—far beyond, where darkness meets with light, there to dwell, and thus shut you out from my presence and the presence of angels and the light of heaven forever and ever.”

“Is not the Red Man’s wigwam home  
As dear to him as costly dome?  
Is not his lov’d one’s smile as bright  
As the dear one’s of the man that’s white?”



SIGNAL OF PEACE



# I N D E X

- Abbe Cavelier, Sulpician priest, 19; returned to Fort St. Louis and France, 44-45
- Agency Building, built west of Fort Dearborn, 70
- Alarm, with four plaques, presented by Martin Ryerson, 178
- Algonquian Indians, in St. Lawrence Valley, 16
- Allen, Susan, married to Charles Jouett, 71-73
- American Fur Co., employed Gurdon Hubbard, 88
- Archer avenue, formerly trail, 119
- Arkansas river, visited by Joliet and Marquette, 27
- Articles of Confederation, written in 1777, 60
- Ayer, Edward E., collection in Newberry Library, 175
- Baily, Joseph, annuity of 1833, 115
- Beaubien, Charles, grant of half section, 113; annuity of 1833, 115
- Beaubien, Jean B., grants to children, 113
- Beaubien, Mark, entertained Shabbona, 154; named hotel Sauganash, 157
- Beaubien, Medart (Medore), grant of half section, 113; annuity of 1833, 115
- Beaujeu, Captain, quarreled with La Salle, 43
- Belknap, Ebenezer, factor, 71
- Bernard, Mrs., remembered Shabbona, 153
- Big Foot, village, 13; in ugly mood, 146; pursued Shabbona, 147-148
- Black Hawk, war broke out, 88; recrossed Mississippi to old home, 149
- Black Hole of Calcutta, stifled English, 55
- Black Partridge, returned peace medal, 79-81; saved Mrs. Helm, 83; guarded Kinzie home, 85
- Bradley, Captain Hezekiah, built second Fort Dearborn, 87
- Brother of the Sun, chief of the Natchez, 41, 133.
- Buffalo, 102-104

Burial, 108

Burning at stake, 100

Burns, lived near Fort Dearborn, 71; Mrs. Burns, on sick bed, warned, 76

Cardin, John, of Lee farm, 75

Cass, Governor Lewis, of Michigan Territory, 14, 112; at Treaty of 1833, 114

Cemetery of Chechepinqua, in forest preserve, 176

Centennial, held in 1903 in Lincoln Park, 168-169

Champlain, Samuel, governor of New France, 16

Chandler, M. G., collected Potawatomi objects, 175

Chechepinqua (Alexander Robinson), 13; guide of Jouett, 73; grant of two sections, 114; annuity in 1833, 115; biography, 159-162

Chicag, Chief, present at Centennial, 169

Chicago Historical Museum, Indian curios on ground floor, 175

Chicago Portage, 10; crossed by Joliet and Marquette, 29; crossed by La Salle, 41

Chicago Public Library, site of Dearborn Park, 89

Chicago river, 14; reached by La Salle, 40

Chicago road, followed Sauk trail, 118

Chikagou in France, 10; tale by Rachel G. Heyer, 132-142

Cicely, colored slave, 74

Cincinnati, seat of government of Northwest Territory, 61

Clark, George Rogers, history, 56-60; represented Kentucky in Virginia legislature, secured powder and men, took Kaskaskia and Fort Gage, 57; captured Vincennes, 59; commissioned general, 60.

Clive, winning India, 55

Colbert (Mississippi), named by La Salle, 42

Columbian Exposition, Indian village on Midway, 167

- Conception (Mississippi) river, found by Joliet and Marquette, named in honor of Virgin Mary, 25
- Continental Congress, approved Articles of Confederation, 60
- Council Bluffs, Iowa, home of Sauganash, 159
- Councils, 104-107
- Courcelles, governor of New France, 17; permission to La Salle, 20
- Damen avenue, log cabin built for Marquette, 31
- Danville, trip made by Gurdon Hubbard, 13
- Dautray, discovered one channel of Mississippi, 41
- Dearborn, General, secretary of war, 67
- Dearborn Park, first public park, part of reservation, 89
- Detroit, trading center, 10
- Duchess of Orleans, presented snuffbox to Chikagou, 137
- du Chopart, Captain, commander of Fort Rosalie, 133
- England, at war with France in 1812, took seamen from U. S. vessels, 77
- English, claimed Canada and Mississippi valley, 55
- English colonies, taxed for war, 55
- Erie, Lake, known to Champlain, 16
- Eshkossimin, melon, 2
- Evanston Hospital marker, a chipping station, 177
- Factory building, near fort, discontinued, 71
- Fallen Timbers, battle of, Wayne defeated Indians, 12, 63, 67, 111
- Forsyth, Thomas, half brother of Kinzie, took Nash to Peoria, 70
- Fort Crevecouer, built by La Salle, 38; destroyed by deserters, 39

Fort Dearborn, Wells tried to help, 11; spared in 1827, 13; history, 67-89; named for General Dearborn, 68; rebuilt, 87; re-opened, abandoned, re-opened by Major Whistler, abandoned finally, 88; site ceded in Treaty of Greenville, 111

Fort Defiance, where St. Clair had been defeated, 63

Fort Frontenac, history, 21-22; received prisoners of La Salle, 39

Fort Gage, taken by Clark, 57

Fort Greene, headquarters of Wayne, 63

Fort Miami, built by La Salle, 36; Tonty started from fort to Chicago river, 40; choice of Whistler for fort, 67

Fort Prudhomme, La Salle was delayed here, 41

Fort Recovery, scene of Harmar's defeat, 63

Fort St. Rosalie, French fort at Natchez, 133

Fort Sackville, surrendered to Clark, 59

Fort St. Louis (Starved Rock), built, 42

Fort Wayne, Heald promised safe escort, 12

Fowle, Major John, commanded Fort Dearborn, 88

Fox River, Illinois, strip of land ceded for canal, 12

Fox river, Wisconsin, traveled by Joliet and Marquette, 25

France, at war with England in 1812, 77

Franklin, Benjamin, protested English taxes, 56

French, able to fight, 21

French and Indian war, Seven Years' War, 55

Frontenac, Governor, La Salle met, received Indians in council, 21; emblem a griffin, 35

Geneva, Lake, village of Big Foot, 13

Graceland Cemetery, graves of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, 89

Great Lakes, map by Joliet, 20

Great River, Mississippi, viewed by Nicollet, 17

Green Bay, trading center, 10; visited by Nicollet, 17

Green Bay trail, to northward, 119

- Griffin, built by Tonty, returned toward Fort Niagara, 35  
Gulf of Mexico, reached by La Salle, 41
- Hamilton, General, hair-buyer general, 56; retook Vincennes, 59  
Hardscrabble, later name of Lee farm, 75  
Harmar, General, 12; sent into Northwest Territory, 61, withdrew before Indians, 61  
Harrison, Mayor, accompanied Pokagon at Fair, 165  
Harrison, William Harrison, defended by Sauganash and Shabbona, 158-159  
Heald, Captain Nathan, transferred to Fort Dearborn, acquainted with Rebekah Wells, 73; married Rebekah Wells, 74; held council with Indians, 79; wounded in fight, Mrs. Heald seriously wounded, 83; prisoner and taken to Detroit; sword of Captain and trunk of Mrs. Heald, 89  
Health, 100  
Helm, Lieut. Linai T., married Margaret McKillip, transferred to Fort Dearborn, 74; wounded in massacre, surrendered, 83; Mrs. Helm saved by Black Partridge, 83-84; went to Detroit, 86  
Hennepin, Father Louis, prominent, 17; joined La Salle, 33-34; slept in wigwam, 36; explored upper Mississippi, 38; chaplain, 46  
Heyer, Rachel G., author of Chikagou and Tonika, 132  
Holy Name Cathedral, site of home of Sauganash, 157  
Hubbard, Gurdon S., rode to Danville, 13, 88; tale of portage, 119; eulogized Shabbona, 154  
Huron, Lake, known to Champlain, 16
- Iberville, cousin of Tonty, 45  
Illinois, portion of Northwest Territory, 61



Illinois and Michigan Canal, land secured in treaty of 1816, 111

Illinois Indians, history, 10-11; gave Marquette peace pipe, 27

Illinois river, strip of land ceded, 12

Indian Boundary Line, treaty of 1829; now Rogers avenue, 111

Indian Council Fire, organized in 1923, 172-173

Indian Territory, reservation, 14

Indian Tribes of the United States, book, 2

Indiana Territory, Fort Dearborn a part, 70

Iroquois Indians, along Hudson, 16; La Salle planned to check, 40

Jefferson, Thomas, chairman of two committees on Northwest Territory, 60

Joliet, Louis, came to Chicago, 10; prominent, 17; exploring for copper, 20; Indians in need of religion, 21; history, 22-31; born in Quebec, sent by governor to find Great River, 22; planned trip, started, 24; suggested canal, returned to Montreal, 29

Jones, W. P., author of poem, 51-52

Jouette, Charles, government agent, married Susan Allen, 71

Kankakee river, La Salle crossed to, 36

Kaskaskia, revisited by Marquette, 31; new home of Illinois, 49; taken by Clark, 57

Kelso, John, ex-soldier of Lee Farm, 74-75

Kenilworth, ceded in 1829, 13

Kennison, David, boulder in Lincoln Park, 89

Kiji Manito, Great Spirit, 5, 6, 7

Kinzie, Ellen Marion, married Dr. Wolcott, 87

Kinzie, James, annuity of 1833, 115

- Kinzie, John, arrived at Fort Dearborn, bought cabin of Lalime, 70; involved in fort quarrel, 73; fight with Lalime, 76-77; walked with militia, 81; prisoner in Detroit, 86; returned to Fort Dearborn, 87
- Kitchemonedo, Great Spirit, 2
- Kokees, bean, 2
- La Barre, governor of Canada disliked La Salle, 42; returned possessions, 43
- La Chine, ridicule of La Salle, 19; sold by La Salle, 20
- La Crosse, game, 101-102
- Lake of the Illinois, Lake Michigan, 10; possible source of canal, 29
- Lalime, trader, gave use of cabin, 67; interpreter, 76; killed in fight, 77
- La Salle, prominent, 17; history, 17-29, 32-44; with priests, secured guide, met Governor Frontenac, sent to Lake Ontario by governor, 21; knew how to deal with Indians, rebuilt Fort Frontenac, 22; owner of Fort Frontenac, poisoned, 32; revisited France in 1677, met Tonty, 33; built Fort Niagara, 35; passed site of Chicago, lost, slept in wigwam, 36; opened corn pits, met Indians at Peoria, 37; back to Canada, 38; captured deserters, 39; searched for Tonty, 39-40; discovered mouth of Mississippi, 41; received aid from king, 42; quarreled with Beaujeu, reached Texas, built fort on coast, 43; killed, 44; first member Board of Trade, 46
- Last War Dance, in 1835 at Chicago, 123
- Latrobe, Charles J., English writer, 114
- Lee, lived near fort, 71; son lived on farm, 75; massacre on farm, 74-76
- Lincoln Park, contains monument of Kennison, 89
- Little Fort trail, Chicago to Waukegan, 120

Little Turtle, leader of Miami, 11-12; wanted to make peace with Wayne, 62; chief of Miami, 111; signed treaty of Greenville, 111

London Guaranty and Accident Building, has tablet of Fort Dearborn, 89

Louis Fourteenth, honored in naming Louisiana, 41

Louisiana, claimed by La Salle, 41; purchased, 67

Louisville, limit of La Salle's trip, 21

Ludington, Michigan, burial of Marquette, 31

Mackinac, trading center, 10; visited by Nicollet, 17

Madison, Dr. William, killed on trail, 122-123

Mamautouensa, chief of Kaskaskians, 135

Mannabenaqua, Indian wife of Jean Beaubien, 113

Marquette, Father Jacques, came to Chicago, 10; prominent, 17; history, 24-31; met Joliet, born in France, planned trip, started trip, 24; given peace pipe, 27; displayed pipe, 28; sick, 29; returned to Chicago and Kaskaskia, died, 31.

Martyr, Peter, told of Indians of days of Columbus, 187

Maryland, signed Articles of Confederation, 60

Matchemonedo, evil spirit, 2

McKillip, daughter of Mrs. Kinzie, married Lieut. Helm, 74

Medicine bag, 93

Medicine men, 107-108

Menominee (Wild Rice) Indians, visited by Joliet and Marquette, 25

Metea, Chief, historian and orator, 112

Metchigami, Michigan tribe, 10

Mexico, La Salle planned to evict Spanish, 42

Mexico, Gulf of, Mississippi flowed into, 29

Miami, joined by Potawatomi, 11

- Michigan avenue bridge, pylons of resistance of Captain  
Heald and of arrival of Kinzies, 89
- Michigan, Lake, 10, 12, 13, viewed by Nicollet, 17
- Militia, organized by Capt. Heald, 76
- Mississippi, land east of river ceded, 14
- Missouri, reservation, 14
- Monitog, loyal to Kiji Manito, 5
- Montamin, maize, 2-3
- Montreal, Joliet returned, 29
- Mounted Indians, designed by Mestrovic, 178
- Museum of Natural History, Field Museum, collection of  
Indian objects, 175
- Nash, Jeffrey, colored slave, taken to Peoria, indentured  
servant, escaped, 70
- Natchez, visited by La Salle, 41; tribe of Indians on Mis-  
sissippi, 123
- Neapope, with war party that killed son and nephew of  
Shabbona, 152
- Nepowra, Chief, father of Ulah, called council, died, 51
- New France, Canada, 16
- New York, claimed portion of Northwest Territory, 60
- Niagara river, 20
- Nicollet, exploration, 17
- Nika, Shawnee captive, 20; absent from party, found por-  
tage trail, 36; accompanied La Salle to Canada, 38
- Northwest Territory, 55-64; northwest of Ohio river, 55;  
yielded to United States, 59
- Oconee, son of Shabbona, fled to Rock, 51
- Ogden avenue, trail, plank road, thoroughfare, 124
- Ontario, Lake, known to Champlain, 16
- Ordinance of 1787, 60-61; forbade slavery, provided for  
3-5 states, 61

Orient, rumor, 16

Ouilmette, lived near fort, 71; here after massacre, 86;  
given annuity in 1833, 115; Archange granted two  
sections, 113

Paatlako, suitor of Tonika, 139-141

Papoose, 92

Parliament, laid special taxes, 56

Pauwega, pursued Oconee, 51

Penn, William, made treaties with 19 tribes and never  
broke them, 187

Pennsylvania, claimed portion of Northwest Territory, 60

Peoria, reached by La Salle, 37

Piasa Bird, legend, description, lived near Alton, slain by  
arrows, 27

Point de Saible, builder of cabin sold to Lalime, 70

Point St. Ignace, reached by La Salle, 35

Pokagon, Leopold, married daughter of Topenebe's  
brother, tried to prevent massacre, 163; carried Capt.  
Heald to safety, 163-164

Pokagon, Simon, legend, 5-8; tried to collect from United  
States, 115; best educated, appealed for payment of  
money due tribe, visited World's Fair, 164; died in  
1899, 165; Red Man's Greeting, 182-194

Pokanoka, married to Shabbona, went to Kansas, 153

Pontiac, history, 49-50; failed to take Detroit, visited St.  
Louis, attended drinking party at Cahokia, killed by  
Illinois warrior, 49-50; death, 111

Portage river, South Branch, 45

Portage trail, from Desplaines river to South Branch, fol-  
lowed by Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonty, 118

Potawatomi, history, 11-14; priests wished to visit, 21

Potawatomi trail, skirted Kankakee marshes, 118

Pottowatomi tree, in Evanston, 176-177

- Prairie du Chien, treaty, 13, 113  
Prophet, 12; brother of Tecumseh, dissatisfied, 77  
Pypegee, warned settlers, 151
- Quebec, Governor Frontenac returned, 22; captured by Wolfe, 55
- Red Fox, Tale of, 125-131  
Red Man's Greeting, by Simon Pokagon, 180-194  
Religion, 108-109  
Reynolds, Governor, received Shabbona, 151  
Rock River, 13  
Ronan, Ensign, joined Fort Dearborn, 74
- St. Clair, General, in Ohio region, 12; governor of Northwest Territory with seat of government at Cincinnati, 61; led army against Indians, with serious defeat, 62  
St. Ignace, goal for Marquette's return, 31; La Salle located Tonty here, 40  
St. Joseph river, reached by La Salle, 36  
St. Louis, treaty of, 12; refuge of Illinois survivors, 50  
St. Louis river, Illinois river, possible end of canal, 29  
Sample, James and wife, burned at stake, 122  
Sauganash, messenger of Tecumseh, 12; opposed Winnebagoes, 13; grant of two and a half sections, 113; annuity in 1833, 115; biography, 155-159; first frame house in Chicago, went west with tribe, 157, died 1841, 159
- Sauk trail, Rock Island to Detroit, 118  
Scalps, 99  
School Section, in each township, 61  
Schoolcraft, Henry R., related legend, 2  
Scott, General, took charge of Fort Dearborn, 88  
Seneca Indians, band of Iroquois, 20



- Shabbona, messenger of Tecumseh, 12; reply to Winnebago Prophet, 13; warned of Winnebago uprising, 88; annuity of 1833, 115; story of, 145-155
- Shabbona Grove, home of Shabbona, 148
- Shabbona, John, present at Centennial, 169
- Signal of Peace, on lake front, presented by Lambert Tree, 178
- Slavery, forbidden by Ordinance of 1787, 61
- Society of the Cincinnati, origin of name of city, 61
- Spanish, possible danger to Joliet and Marquette, 29
- Spike, assistant to Whitney, 149
- Sports, 100-102
- Starved Rock, near Kaskaskia village, 29; to be trading center, 40; history and legend, 49-53; refuge of Illinois, 50
- Stillman, Major, put to flight by Black Hawk, 151
- Striking the post, 97
- Superior, Lake, search for copper, 20
- Swearingen, Lieut., commanded soldiers on march, 67
- Talon, Intendant, 20
- Tche ban gou booz, Great Spirit, judged red man and white man, 191-194
- Tecumseh, aroused tribes, 12; dissatisfied, sought to unite Indians, Indian leader with British, 77
- Tepees, 91
- Texas, reached by La Salle, 43
- Thames, battle of, Tecumseh slain, 12
- Todd, John, represented Kentucky in Virginia legislature, 57
- Tonika, heroine of tale, 132-142
- Tonty, prominent, 17; met La Salle, lost hand, came to Canada, 33; built Griffin, 35; searched for La Salle's party, died, 45; chief superintendent, 46

- Tracy, sailing vessel used by Whistler, 67
- Tragedies of trails, 120-123
- Trail markers, bent saplings, 120; in Davis Park, Evans-  
ton, and on Cook-Lake county line, 176
- Travois, mode of travel, 91
- Treaty Elm, southern boundary of Sauganash reservation,  
176
- Treaty of Greenville, in 1795, 12; signed, 63, 111
- Treaty of 1816, 111
- Treaty of 1821, 112-113
- Treaty of 1829 at Prairie du Chien, 113-114
- Treaty of 1833 at Chicago, 114-116
- Ulah, Legend of, daughter of Nepowra, met Oconee, 51
- Umqua, medicine man praying for rain, 134-135
- Usama, tobacco, 2
- Van Voorhis, Dr. Isaac, joined Fort Dearborn, 74; killed in  
massacre, 83-85
- Vermilion Sea, Gulf of California, 20
- Vincennes Trace, followed by Heald, 74; Hubbard's trail,  
became State road, 119
- Virginia, claimed portion of Northwest Territory, 60
- Wahonoha, Potawatomi, 11
- Walker, Rev. Jesse, aided by Shabbona, 148
- Wapako, pumpkin, 2
- War, 97-99
- War of 1812, 77-78
- Washington, George, colonies united under him, 56
- Watkins, Mr., school teacher in whose school Sauganash  
offered to pay tuition, 157

- Waubansee, Chief, face chiseled on boulder, 71; guarded Kinzie home, 85; boulder in Chicago Historical Museum, 89
- Wayne, Anthony, in Ohio region, 12; hero of Revolution, 62; defeated Indians, signed treaty of Greenville, 111
- Weapons, 99
- Wells, William, adopted son of Little Turtle, 11, 61, left Little Turtle, 62; uncle of Rebekah Wells, 73; rode into Fort Dearborn, 79; led procession from fort, 81; killed in massacre, 85
- Wentworth, John, editor, made address, 46
- Western Sea, Pacific Ocean, 16
- Whistler, Capt. John, directed to locate Fort Dearborn, sailed on Tracy, 67; transferred to Detroit, 73
- Whistler, William, lieutenant accompanying father, 67; sent to Fort Dearborn as Major, 88
- White, Liberty, of Lee farm, 75
- Whitney, George, whiskey trader, 148-149
- Winnebago Indians, uprising, 13; visited by Nicollet, 17; out for scalps, 76; uprising in 1827, 88
- Winnebago Prophet, used simile, 13
- Winnemeg, brought message from General Hull, 78-79
- Wisconsin river, explored by Nicollet, 17
- Wolcott, Dr. Alexander, Indian agent, married Ellen Marion Kinzie, 87
- Wolfe, General, captured Quebec, 55
- Woong, 96
- Zebequa, Miomex, married to Shabbona, 152















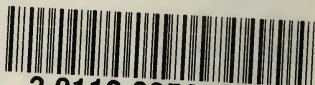


UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

970.4W7311946

C002

INDIANS OF THE CHICAGO REGION. CHGO



3 0112 025356699